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JOURNALISM REVIEW

**McGovern
On The Press:
The Target
Talks Back**

CAMPAIGN 84

**Black
Reporters,
White Press
A View
From Abroad**



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Eugene Patterson

THE SECOND HUNDRED



St. Petersburg Times
Evening Independent

The St. Petersburg Times, Florida's largest independently-owned newspaper, celebrates its 100th Anniversary July 25, 1984. In this golden year, the newspaper has twice won international acclaim: as one of Time magazine's 10 best U.S. newspapers and as Eastman Kodak's World's Best in color reproduction.

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"We must maintain and advance the Times' commitment to highest quality in content, in printing, in service to our people's commerce as a vital advertising medium.

"We will renew this newspaper's dedication to placing the public's interest ahead of private advantage, and to shielding the people's rights against abuse by claimants of privilege or holders of power.

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THERE'S ENERGY.**

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—Excerpt from the *Review's* founding editorial, Autumn 1961

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CHRONICLE

San Diego: *Newsline's* bottom line

Since its founding in 1977, *San Diego Newsline* had earned a reputation for skilled investigative reporting and for its unflinching criticism of the city's predominantly Republican power structure. Taking a Finley Peter Dunne adage as its motto ("It is the duty of the press to comfort the afflicted and to afflict the comfortable"), over the years the small alternative weekly has won several local and regional prizes. In 1982, for example, after winning a lengthy court battle over *Newsline's* right to publish excerpts from the mayor's datebook and appointment calendar, publisher/editor Larry Remer received the local Sigma Delta Chi's Freedom of Information award.

So when J. David & Company, a local investment firm with a rich and influential clientele and with close ties to the city's new mayor, went bankrupt last February, it appeared to be a story tailor-made for *Newsline's* enterprising reporters. But instead of telling its readers how founder J. David (Jerry) Dominelli and his business-associate-cum-girl-friend, Nancy Hoover, had used their social and political connections to woo investors with promises of 40 percent returns on their money, *Newsline* was forced to admit a J. David connection of its own. For two years, wrote Remer in a mea culpa published soon after J. David went under, Nancy Hoover had been his silent partner.

Newsline's troubles, like those of many crusading alternative weeklies, began at the bottom line. In its first five years, the bulk of the paper's losses were covered by Harvey Furgatch, a liberal San Diego real-estate developer. But in late 1981, Furgatch told Remer that he would no longer foot the bill. Searching for a new benefactor, Remer approached one of *Newsline's* original sponsors: Nancy Hoover.

A tall, attractive former mayor of the wealthy beach town of Del Mar, Hoover was second in command at J. David & Company as well as a principal investor in a local political consulting firm. Together, Hoover and Dominelli lived lavishly, investing in real estate, sports cars, and racehorses, while gaining social prominence — and contacts — as sponsors of symphony concerts, a triathlon, and other local happenings.

Hoover readily agreed to enter into a limited partnership in which she would provide the funding (estimated at as much as \$1 million) needed to make *Newsline* financially viable, while Remer would maintain editorial control of the paper. The two also agreed to keep the arrangement a secret. "I didn't want our funding source to become an issue," explains Remer.

Nevertheless, by early 1982 it was clear that *Newsline* had found a new angel. The full-time staff nearly tripled, the editorial side moved into new offices, and the paper itself was transformed into a much slicker, 50,000-circulation, free weekly. While continuing to run hard-hitting cover stories about the CIA, politics, and organized crime, *Newsline* also courted younger, hipper readers with cover pieces about Jane Fonda, jogging, and cocaine.

Close watchers of *Newsline's* masthead began to suspect a link to Hoover when one

of the first new people to be hired at the paper was Gregory Dennis, a former journalist who had also been a publicist at Hoover's consulting firm. Then, in the May 1983 election to replace former Mayor (now Senator) Pete Wilson, *Newsline* broke from tradition and gave a noisy endorsement to Republican candidate Roger Hedgecock, whose campaign was being run by Hoover's firm and who later received a \$130,000 interest-free loan from Hoover. (Hedgecock won.)

During this time, Larry Remer, like a number of other people, was impressed, if not awed, by Hoover and Dominelli. He would sometimes visit them in their "inner sanctum," a plush oak- and mahogany-paneled office equipped with banks of computers and ticker-tape machines. "On one morning, I saw Jerry make several . . . phone calls in about half an hour and then announce he'd just made \$300,000," Remer recalled in his *Newsline* piece.

When Nancy Hoover, former business associate and housemate of high-flying financier J. David Dominelli, agreed to bankroll publisher Larry Remer (inset), he thought it was too good to be true. It was.



CJR/Charles Landon

Jerry McClard/Union-Tribune Publishing Co.

You're known by the company you keep.

On April 17 The Boston Globe was one of four papers to win two Pulitzer Prizes.

The others were *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Los Angeles Times*.

A week later The Boston Globe was named as "One of the Top 10 Newspapers in the Country" within the last decade by *Time Magazine*.

It's the second time in a row that The Globe has been so honored.

In addition, The Globe was named one of the 10 best newspapers in the country by an Adweek Magazine panel of distinguished journalists, press critics and journalism deans.

We feel these honors are not only a tribute to the dedicated and talented newspaper men and women who provide New Englanders with thoughtful and comprehensive coverage of the world every day, but also to our readers who demand only the very best.

To be honored with such distinguished newspapers is actually very flattering.

After all, we couldn't be in better company.

The Boston Globe
"The Globe's here!"

But while Dominelli and Hoover kept Remer and many other San Diegans in thrall, some reporters in town began to wonder if it wasn't all being done with mirrors. Last January, *The San Diego Union* reported that J. David & Company checks were bouncing, that investors were having trouble retrieving their money, and that several staff members were going to be laid off. "Dominelli called a press conference a short time later," *Union* financial editor Donald C. Bauder recalls. "Remer was there, looking a little more subdued than usual."

By mid-February, J. David & Company was forced into bankruptcy and a court-appointed trustee began searching for \$112 million in missing investor funds. Dominelli agreed to cooperate in the search after spending a night in jail, then fled to an island in the Caribbean — only to be expelled and arrested by the FBI on his return to the U.S. last April. As of late May, little of the money had been recovered. Dominelli was in jail awaiting trial, and Hoover was defending herself against several lawsuits and possible indictment.

As for *Newsline*, Hoover's checks stopped arriving in January. (Over eighteen months, her contribution had totaled \$350,000.) Since then, Remer has been forced to reduce the

paper's circulation to 10,000 and the full-time staff to five (including his mother-in-law). Admirers fear that *Newsline's* reputation has been irreparably damaged by the scandal. "The public perception is that Larry was a political cog in a Hoover-Dominelli machine that bought itself a political consulting firm, a mayor, and a newspaper — a pretty powerful troika if you're an up-and-coming force in a city like San Diego," says Bill Ritter, a staff writer for the *Los Angeles Times* and an old friend of Remer's. "Right now, in terms of journalistic credibility in San Diego, I'd say *Newsline* has none."

But Larry Remer is undaunted — and unrepentant. "I don't worry about appearance," he says. "Most of the naysayers were never *Newsline's* supporters to begin with. I think *Newsline's* credibility will be based on the work we can do. . . . For six years San Diego failed to provide the financial support needed for a political-investigative paper. I see nothing wrong in our having tried to make a commercial go of it. I'm just sorry the money ran out before we could start to turn a profit."

David Helvarg

David Helvarg, managing editor of *Newsline* in 1977-1978, is now a free-lance writer who lives in San Diego.

leged, among other things, that he was in Mexico to commit a contract murder.

The Monitor's editor, Jack King, believes the federal police, or *federales*, had it in for Lind because he had written a series about the efforts of *campesinos* to take over land in northern Mexico. One of the articles described how the *federales* had burned the shacks of the peasants. "They were upset over the coverage," King says. "They've never liked what Scott's written."

Lind's solid reporting, which won him three awards in the state's UPI journalism contest last spring, is a bit of an anomaly in the Rio Grande Valley, an area still described as "feudal" in *The Almanac of American Politics*. Vestiges of the old, infamously corrupt *patrón* political system still exist, and the valley's press has not been known for aggressive reporting. But the area's principal dailies — the McAllen *Monitor*, *The Valley Morning Star* in Harlingen, and *The Brownsville Herald*, all owned by the libertarian Freedom chain based in Santa Ana, California — have lately been giving a free hand to a few enterprising reporters like Lind. Dee Simpson, legislative liaison for Texas Rural Legal Aid, says that Lind has, at most, a mild activist bent. "He's shaken up valley journalism because he is not afraid to take on the local establishment when he's got the facts, and he's relentless in pursuing them," she says. "He has covered the farmworkers fairly and we have generally found him reliable and honorable."

Jack King is himself of a libertarian bent and does not mind taking on the local establishment. Had it not been for him, Lind's ordeal might have been far more severe. Lind had warned King that if he didn't return that evening, it might mean trouble. So when Lind failed to appear, King, King's wife, and a Spanish-speaking reporter went to look for him. After tracing him to the federal police headquarters in Reynosa, the three were told that Lind was being questioned and that they could not see him. When they heard what Lind had confessed to, a police official told them, they wouldn't want him back anyway. At that point, says King, he began raising hell — yelling and threatening to publicize Lind's detention all over the state of Texas. Lind, shaken and disoriented, was released the next day.

Lind says that he was told that if he did not confess to the charges of rape and name accomplices, his interrogators would tie his hands and feet and throw him into the river. Although he believes that he refused to sign the confession (he still cannot remember all the details), Lind says that he did use some real names in the course of concocting his

Rough beat on the Rio Grande

One day last April, Scott Lind, a young reporter for the McAllen *Monitor* in Texas's Rio Grande Valley, drove to the town of Reynosa, just across the nearby Mexican border, to do a story about a hunger strike by former workers at the Zenith manufacturing plant there. Returning to his car at the end of the day, Lind was arrested, booked at the town's municipal jail, then blindfolded, handcuffed, and driven to the federal security police headquarters. Over the next four hours, says the twenty-nine-year-old reporter, he was beaten on the head, given electric shocks with a cattle prod on his lips, genitals, legs, and neck, and ultimately forced to confess falsely that he had raped a Zenith worker. The confession has since been the basis for a continuing campaign against Lind in the Reynosa press, which has al-

The beat: reporter Scott Lind on the Tex/Mex border near Reynosa, where he was arrested by Mexican police.



Rigo Ordaz/McAllen Monitor

A PULITZER PRIZE FOR DENVER POST PHOTOGRAPHER ANTHONY SUAUA



Anthony Suau

One of our photographers, Anthony Suau, has just won the Pulitzer Prize for feature photography. It is the third Pulitzer Prize won by The Post, continuing a tradition of excellence initiated by editorial cartoonist Paul Conrad in 1964, and followed by editorial cartoonist Patrick Olliphant in 1967. We're extremely proud of Tony and so have taken this space to honor him by sharing his pictures with you.

THE DENVER POST
Colorado's Best Newspaper

fictional admissions for the *federales*. At the time of his release, Lind says the regional commander told him that he understood that the confessions had been extracted under duress, and that there would be no charges against him. But that was not the end of the affair.

On April 25, an article in *La Tarde*, a Reynosa daily, described Lind as a "professional international agitator." Accompanied by a photograph of himself that Lind had given to the *federales*, the story claimed that Lind had been sent to disrupt the Zenith plant and was wanted by police on both sides of

the border. On May 1, a full-page ad appeared in *La Tarde's* sister paper, *El Mañana*. Supposedly written by a Zenith union official, the ad accused Lind of being a labor organizer and agitator. Then, on May 13, *El Mañana* carried a story in which Jesus Angel Reyes Morales, identified as a former leader of the Zenith union, claimed to have been kidnapped and tortured by Lind and several other *norteamericanos* last November. Those mentioned in the conspiracy included the names Lind had provided during his interrogation. The article asserted that Lind was "pretending" to be a reporter, "but he is in

reality an international agitator sent as a provocateur [among the Zenith workers]. . . . He now calls himself a martyr and a victim of the police authorities."

According to King and others, the most likely explanation for the anti-Lind campaign is that the local *federales* responsible for his torture are trying to protect themselves and discourage other reporters. Reyes Morales, for example, is quoted as saying that he hopes Lind will return to Reynosa "as a rent collector of the news, and that the police will detain him without mercy." Although U.S. Ambassador John Gavin sent a note to the Mexican government protesting Lind's treatment and *The Monitor* has lawyers reviewing the ad in *El Mañana* for possible legal action, the *federales'* strategy may be all too effective. King himself says he will not cross the border for a while; it would certainly be inadvisable for Lind to do so. But his appalling treatment will be even more of a tragedy if the Mexican police succeed in snuffing out the beginnings of enterprising journalism in the Rio Grande Valley.

Molly Ivins

Molly Ivins is a columnist for The Dallas Times Herald.

Prez snubs Mother

A recent subscription drive by *National Review* featuring a lengthy plug from Ronald Reagan has raised some eyebrows. Reproducing excerpts from an impromptu speech given by Reagan at the inauguration of the magazine's Washington bureau last year, the ad is headlined **PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN SPEAKS ABOUT NATIONAL REVIEW**. "I honestly believe," the ad quotes Reagan as having told party-goers, "even if I were to suffer from mental illness or convert to liberalism for some other reason, *National Review* would still be my favorite magazine. . . ."

Across the country — and on the other end of the political spectrum — Robin Wolaner, publisher of the San Francisco-based *Mother Jones*, spotted the ad and decided to ask the White House for equal time. If he would comment on *Mother Jones*, Wolaner wrote Reagan last February, the magazine promised to use his remarks in a similar ad.

A month later, Sue Mathis of the White House office of media relations and planning wrote Wolaner that a presidential endorsement of *Mother Jones* would be impossible. "President Reagan does not do endorsements

for commercial publications," she wrote. ". . . His remarks at the reception were not intended as an endorsement of the magazine to be used for advertising."

"We're shocked to learn that the *National Review* has made unauthorized use of statements President Reagan made . . .," Wolaner replied. Citing Section 3344 of the California Civil Code, which bars the unauthorized use of such statements for commercial purposes, she suggested that the ad might be unlawful as well as shocking. "Can you please let me know what action the president has taken or plans to take on this matter?" Wolaner asked.

According to Mathis, Reagan is not pressing charges.

Eric Hollreiser

Eric Hollreiser is an intern at the Review.



Goodbye, Grenada

When a multinational force led by the United States invaded Grenada last October, only a handful of American reporters had ever been to the tiny island. For more than a year prior to the invasion, however, free-lance reporters Donald Foster and Amina Hassan had used Grenada as a base to prepare a series of radio documentaries about the Caribbean. Last April, *Grenada: The Fall of the Revolution*, their documentary about the killing of Prime Minister Maurice Bishop and the subsequent invasion, was named one of the seven best public-radio programs of the year by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. That same month, on his return to Grenada, forty-year-old Donald Foster received a more troubling distinction: he became the first Western journalist expelled from the island by the U.S.-sponsored interim government.

On assignment for Pacifica Radio News and National Public Radio, Foster had returned to cover the preliminary hearings in the trials of Bernard Coard, his wife Phyllis, and eighteen other former government officials charged with the murder of Bishop and several others, and to collect material for a new documentary about conditions in Grenada since the invasion. His troubles began

soon after he started to investigate the fatal shooting by police of a seventeen-year-old Rastafarian youth. The youth's sister had charged that the killing had been unjustified. After police commissioner Mervyn Holder, a Barbadian, broke several appointments Foster had made with him to ask about the incident, Foster was approached by government officials and asked to report to the island's immigration office, where, without explanation, his one-month visa was revoked and he was given seventy-two hours to leave the country.

Foster notified Pacifica and appealed to the U.S. embassy. Two days later, after the embassy's deputy chief of mission had met with Governor General Sir Paul Scoon, Pacifica attorneys in Washington were told by the State Department that Foster had been saying things that were not in the best interests of Grenada. According to Grenadian government spokesman Leslie Seon, Foster was asked to leave for reasons of "national security," a decision, Seon says, that was made by police commissioner Holder.

Foster insists that he was doing nothing more provocative than reporting — and perhaps doing too good a job. "I'm black. I come from a West Indian background," he says. "So I was mixing well with the people on the ground." Recently, he adds, the interim government has become very concerned about security and has been taking steps to control information. For example, only ten journalists were to be allowed to witness the pretrial proceedings in the case against the Coards and their codefendants, and the government has started a program to photograph Grenadians in their homes for identification and voter registration.

Despite his treatment, Foster hopes to be able to return to the island soon. But he is not optimistic: "If they think that I'm a security risk now, what would make me less of a security risk later?" L.Z.

The Managua twist

Second-guessing news organizations is not new to the ideologically charged debate over U.S. policy in Central America. But this spring a ninety-second report on *ABC World News Tonight* became a minor cause célèbre. The April 20 segment by correspondent Peter Collins reported that Nicaragua's annual Good Friday procession in the capital of Managua had turned into a "passionate demonstration of solidarity with the Catholic Church and opposition to the Sandinista regime." Estimating 100,000 marchers, Collins described the procession as an "explicit

rebuff to Sandinista leaders" by Managua's archbishop and concluded that, although "church leaders said nothing directly against the regime" during the event, Catholic faith in Nicaragua "as in Poland means no to Marxism."

Over the next three weeks, the ABC exclusive — no other news organization, including the wire services, carried the story — became a story in itself. *The Wall Street Journal* ran a brief editorial — headlined WARSAW IN SPANISH — citing the report as evidence of the Sandinistas' growing unpopularity. *The Washington Times* and the weekly *Washington Inquirer* rehashed Collins's report and charged, in the words of the *Inquirer*, that a "dramatic story" had been subjected to a media blackout. Then in May, during his nationally televised speech on Central America, President Reagan called the Good Friday march a "demonstration of defiance." "You may be hearing about that demonstration for the first time," he added. "It was not widely reported."

After the speech, however, UPI ran a story saying that witnesses of the Good Friday march claimed it was simply a religious procession, not a demonstration. Representatives of several other news organizations, including the two other TV networks, con-

firmed the UPI report. "The Good Friday march happens every year," says Tom Cheatham, NBC News's foreign producer. "Our people [in Managua] said this year's march had no anti-Sandinista meaning whatsoever." According to *The New York Times*, an estimated 30,000 Catholics marched in the procession. "There were no political chants, signs or speeches," the paper reported. Citing journalists and U.S. embassy personnel, *The Washington Post* estimated the number of marchers at 50,000 and said that "although there were a few people carrying placards and chanting slogans against Marxism, the procession was religious and not political in nature."

Two weeks before President Reagan's speech, the State Department had given a similar assessment. "This was not an anti-Sandinista demonstration. By no means — neither in its origin nor in its nature," spokesman Joseph Becelia told *The Washington Times*. "Any anti-Sandinista character or manifestations were peripheral to the religious nature of the gathering — although there may have been scattered anti-government shouts and a few placards."

But Becelia's statement just stirred the pot. The next day, April 26, conservative Senators Jesse Helms and Jeremiah Denton and

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APF FELLOWS (1966-1984)

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CHRONICLE

twelve Republican congressmen protested the State Department's characterization. Citing the ABC report, Helms demanded to see the diplomatic cables about the march sent from the U.S. embassy in Managua, and called on Secretary of State George Shultz to say if he personally agreed with the department's analysis. Later that day department spokesman Alan Romberg's description of the rally was more circumspect. "The demonstration in question in Managua on Good Friday was a religious

procession," he said. "But because of the role of the Catholic Church and its relationship to the government there were political overtones."

Peter Collins was unavailable for comment, but ABC stands behind his original report. Says *World News Tonight* spokesman Tom Goodman, "Peter's version of the story is the one that happened."

Joel Millman

Joel Millman is a free-lance writer and television producer who lives in New York.

Aiding and abetting in Phoenix

Not long after Gerald "Jack" McLamb earned his badge as a Phoenix policeman in 1976, he began to distinguish himself as an exemplary officer. He set up neighborhood watches in his low-income, high-crime district, and visited its elementary schools to show that lawmen could be "good guys." Videotapes of McLamb at work in the classroom were later used as examples in the Officer Friendly program, sponsored nationally by the Sears Roebuck Foundation. Twice honored as officer of the year, McLamb felt he had the skills, energy, and dedication to move up in the department.

But since he began publishing *Aid & Abet*, a conservative newsletter designed to educate his fellow officers in the ways of the U.S. Constitution, McLamb's career has run aground. After months of being hounded by his superiors, he was fired last March for refusing to divulge the newsletter's mailing list and financial records to departmental investigators. Two months later, the Phoenix civil service board, one of whose members characterized the investigators as "Orwellian thought police," ordered McLamb reinstated.

A Navy veteran, former insurance executive, and past president of a California chemical company, McLamb, who is thirty-nine, says that he joined the force because he believed in the constructive role a policeman can play in society. He dates his political awakening to 1980, when, during one of his regular speaking engagements, a man asked the stocky, soft-spoken policeman how, as a police officer, he could swear to protect citizens' rights when he did not even know what those rights were. "What could I say?" he wrote later. "I didn't admit it, but I knew he was right." Afterward, McLamb says, he began reading about civil liberties and was struck by conflicts between the law as written in the Constitution and as practiced by law enforcement agencies. Not one to sit on the sidelines, in 1981 McLamb founded the

American Citizens and Lawmen Association, a group dedicated to fighting for the rights of crime victims.

The next year, McLamb wrote "A Lawman Speaks for Liberty," an open letter published in *The Justice Times*, a monthly tabloid which bills itself as "the Original and Still #1 Voice of the 2nd American Tax Freedom Movement." "The citizen sees his 'God-given constitutional rights' continually crushed beneath the feet of those who have sworn to uphold those very laws . . ." he wrote emphatically. "Officers, like private citizens, are not aware of their rights, so how can they know when they are losing them?" McLamb's commentary drew more than a hundred letters from readers who urged him to write more. Thus, *Aid & Abet Newsletter*, subtitled *Constitutional Issues for Lawmen*, was born. "I wanted to create a forum for lawmen to discuss morals and things they didn't feel they should do," he says.

With the help of a sympathetic printer who produced the newsletter at cost, editor/publisher/writer McLamb published his first eight-page issue in 1982. Featuring "A Lawman Speaks for Liberty," a biographical note, a bibliography titled "Important Reading for Lawmen," and other tidbits, the issue was sent to about one hundred potential subscribers. Over the next eighteen months, *Aid & Abet* widened its editorial eye and grew more flashy. Issue number five (they are not dated), a twenty-eight-page edition with the American eagle emblazoned on its cover, included half-tone illustrations, book reviews, and exchange advertisements from other conservative publications. Articles regularly lambaste the tactics of the IRS, which McLamb condemns as the "most abusive and corrupt" of government agencies. Other pieces chronicle what McLamb views as government persecution, such as the pursuit and killing of Gordon Kahl, a tax protester who took part in the murders of two federal marshals in North Dakota last year. In addition,

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CHRONICLE

the newsletter serves up revelations about how lawmen unwittingly support the conspiracies of the Council on Foreign Relations and the Trilateral Commission. After nearly two years, McLamb says he now prints 3,500 copies of each issue.

But McLamb's outside activities did not please his superiors in the Phoenix police department. Not long after he founded the American Citizens and Lawmen Association, McLamb claims he began to be pressured to discontinue his activities. When he didn't, department investigators questioned him repeatedly about the organization and his personal life. Eventually, McLamb contends, he was even followed as part of an effort to dismiss him for malingering. "They had to find some reason to get rid of me," he says. "I wouldn't quit writing."

Last March, McLamb was again called before the department's investigators and questioned for five hours about the origin, intent, and production of *Aid & Abet*, and other personal matters. When asked to reveal his mailing list, the newsletter's financial records, and the source of a story about the IRS, McLamb refused, citing the First Amendment. The next day he was fired for failing to obey the order of a superior.

Although Phoenix assistant police chief Bennie Click insists that the content of *Aid & Abet* had nothing to do with McLamb's dismissal, he says that the department has been besieged with letters and calls from lawmen throughout the country wondering why McLamb is allowed to publish such a controversial newsletter. One inquiry came from the U.S. marshal's office in North Dakota, where a copy of *Aid & Abet* was found among the possessions of an accomplice of Gordon Kahl. "Jack was terminated because he refused to answer the questions," Click says. "We're not saying he can't write those things; we're saying he can't do that and be a police officer."

The Phoenix civil service board disagreed. Last May, after reviewing audio tapes of McLamb's interrogation by fellow officers, the board ruled that his refusal to answer questions about *Aid & Abet* did not constitute insubordination, and ordered his reinstatement with back pay. (McLamb has since taken a leave of absence to run for county sheriff.) "I might not agree with what he has to say," says Michael Sophy, a local attorney who served on the board, "but he has every right in the world to say it. You don't discipline people for what they believe."

Mary Westheimer

Mary Westheimer is a free-lance writer who lives in Phoenix.

Israel's maverick Hadashot

In the months since *Hadashot* first appeared on the crowded Israeli newspaper scene earlier this year, its prospects have not seemed bright. Although the tabloid was the first paper in Israel to employ four-color photography and eye-catching graphics, its well-entrenched afternoon rivals, *Ma'ariv* and *Yediot Ahronot*, enjoy a nearly two-to-one lead in circulation. In an effort to attract new readers, *Hadashot* has splashed gossip and crime stories across its front page, prompting one Israeli newspaper editor to call it "a Hebrew hybrid of *USA Today*, the *New York Post*, and the *National Enquirer*."

Thus it was no surprise that *Hadashot* received little sympathy from its colleagues last April when it was closed by Israeli authorities for defying censorship laws, making it the first Jewish paper to be shut down by the government in more than twenty years. In fact, Israeli editors have harshly criticized *Hadashot* editor Yossi Klein for pointlessly exacerbating the already tense relationship between the press and government in Israel.

Owned by the Schocken family, publishers of *Haaretz*, Israel's liberal paper of record, *Hadashot* ran into trouble for reporting that Defense Minister Moshe Arens had appointed a commission to investigate whether two of four Arabs who had hijacked an Israeli bus last April had been captured alive by Israeli troops and later killed. Initially, the army had announced that all the terrorists had been killed when Israeli soldiers stormed the bus. But photographers from *Hadashot*, *Ma'ariv*, and two other publications had taken pictures of a suspected terrorist being yanked away from the bus, apparently unharmed. Accompanied by *New York Times* correspondent David Shipler, a *Hadashot* reporter

Hadashot's banned photo of a Palestinian hijacker and his Israeli captors (faces censored out) caused an uproar.



took the photo to the Gaza Strip, where relatives and neighbors identified the man as Majdi Abu-Jumaa, one of the four terrorists named by the army. Although the military censor prohibited publication of *Hadashot's* photo and all related stories, Israeli papers were able to circumvent the ban by reporting *The New York Times's* account. As interest in the fate of the hijackers grew, Defense Minister Arens decided to mount an investigation — but he still refused to lift the ban.

Two weeks after the bus hijacking, *Hadashot* defied the military censor and published a front-page item about the proposed commission of inquiry. The government responded by closing the paper for four days, a decision upheld by Israel's Supreme Court. "*Hadashot* made a grave mistake," says Nahum Barnea, editor of the liberal weekly news magazine *Koteret Rashit*. "It challenged the censor with a story of no great significance. It gave the government an excuse to close down a paper, setting a dangerous precedent."

For over thirty years the Israeli news media have tried to avoid harsh government censorship by relying on a system of voluntary self-censorship. Under a gentleman's agreement with the government, a select group of editors meets regularly with officials who brief them on sensitive stories in exchange for assurances that the information will not be published. Although *Hadashot* is not represented on the committee, editor Yossi Klein was made aware of the planned commission by a government official. Klein says that he assumed that if the army told the editors' committee about the commission, then it was not a matter of national security. "I am not a member of the committee," he says, "so I do not have to abide by its decisions." (In late May, the government announced the commission's conclusions that the two hijackers had been led away from the bus unharmed and later killed, and lifted the ban on *Hadashot's* photograph.)

Barnea claims that Klein simply acted irresponsibly. "The tradition in which the government provides the editors' committee with background on sensitive matters has been jeopardized," Barnea says. "The government has been looking for an excuse to muzzle the press since the Lebanon war. *Hadashot* may have provided [the authorities] with a pretext to make the censorship laws more stringent. I'm not against challenging the censors. But this was the wrong issue for a test case."

Robert I. Friedman

Robert I. Friedman is a free-lance writer who lives in New York.

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Not the Red Star

Russian commuters who exited at Moscow's Vedenka subway station during rush hour one evening last November were greeted by an unusual sight: there, taped to one of the station's walls, was what appeared to be an issue of *Red Star*, the daily published by the press office of the Soviet defense ministry and widely read by the country's 2.6 million active troops. But this *Red Star* was a bit out of the ordinary: a three-quarter-page drawing depicted a Soviet soldier breaking his rifle over his knee under the headline **THE WAR IS OVER! LET'S GO HOME!** A closer look revealed articles claiming that the four-year-old military adventure in Afghanistan was over, that Kremlin leaders had fled into outer space, that Red Army commanders had fallen into a deep sleep thanks to a special borscht prepared by military cooks, and that, as a result, Pentagon officials were in a snit because they no longer knew what to do with their fancy military hardware. "You readers must think we editors have all gone crazy," the front-page article asserted. "But when, for that matter, has *Red Star* ever reported the truth? Have we ever told you that our troops invaded Afghanistan, that hundreds of thousands of Afghans and 20,000 Soviet soldiers have died in this war?"

According to the Italian magazine *Frigidaire*, which had published the bogus *Red Star*, by the time police arrived to remove the copy from the station wall and collect a pile of loose issues still on the floor, several Soviet straphangers had stuffed copies into their coat pockets before hurrying out into the cold.

In the following weeks, went the account in the slick, youth-oriented monthly, stacks of the facsimile *Red Star* were surreptitiously placed in other parts of the Soviet Union, in Afghanistan, and in Warsaw, Gdansk, Prague, and East Berlin. In the end, some 20,000 copies were distributed in Afghanistan, while another 30,000 were smuggled into the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe.

The man behind "Operation Chonkin" (named after the two Russian brothers said to have prepared the sleep-inducing borscht), is thirty-seven-year-old Vincenzo Sparagna. A veteran of the Italian new left and currently editor-in-chief of *Frigidaire*, Sparagna is an old hand at newspaper parody. As the editor of a satirical weekly in the late 1970s, he helped prepare false editions of various Italian dailies as well as of *Pravda*, *Trybuna Ludu*, and *The Times* of London. The false *Red Star*, however, was different. "For the first time parody is being introduced into a



Red Star over Afghanistan: Mujahedeen guerrillas helped smuggle a parody into Kabul.

tragically concrete situation," Sparagna and staff writer Savik Shuster wrote in the introduction to *Frigidaire*'s two-part account of the *Red Star* adventure last winter. "The main audience of this newspaper is the Soviet youth drafted and brought to Afghanistan to be thrown into increasingly dangerous operations of pure conquest."

Soviet authorities also thought the false *Red Star* was different. Although Sparagna's past parodies of communist publications had drawn no official reaction, "Operation Chonkin" struck a nerve. The real *Red Star* called Sparagna a "hard-line Reagan thug" and accused the parody of "contributing to a heightening of international tensions" by printing "poisonous anti-Soviet lies" and by violating "not only the norms of journalistic ethics but those of the most basic decency as well." *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, the weekly published by the Soviet writers union, was less strident but hinted darkly at "those who paid" for the false *Red Star*, and criticized the "sonorous chorus with which the 'free press' has congratulated these newspaper falsifiers."

Whether or not the *Red Star* parody influenced Soviet youth, the project proved a boon for *Frigidaire*. By selling the story to several western European magazines — all with circulations well above *Frigidaire*'s

25,000 — Sparagna and his staff were able to recoup a \$100,000 investment in the project, while winning new readers for the four-year-old magazine. Sparagna estimates that *Frigidaire* will hold on to 70 percent of the twelve to fifteen thousand new readers attracted by the magazine's "Operation Chonkin" series.

In addition to interviews with dissidents and a breathless account of smuggling the newspaper into Afghanistan with the help of Mujahedeen guerrillas, what those readers found was an eclectic mix of political and cultural articles, underground comic strips, and lavish photography. Last February's issue, for example, included articles about Barcelona's new-wave night spots, a fashion show in New Delhi, and Peru's Nazca desert — none of which had a discernible political slant.

Given that formula, it is no wonder that Sparagna and his staff bristle at Soviet charges that they are CIA dupes. "Our action was not carried out in the spirit of the cold war," says Sparagna. "We are not allied with either of the blocs; we are victims of the fact that the blocs exist."

Bernard Ohanian

Bernard Ohanian is an editor at Inter Press Service in Rome.

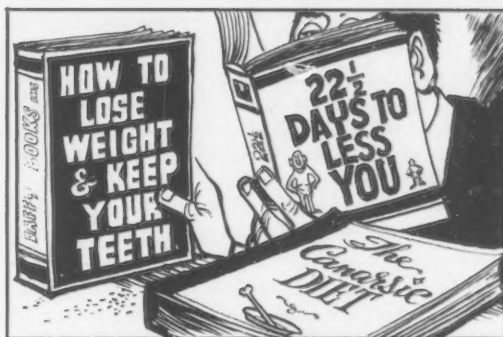
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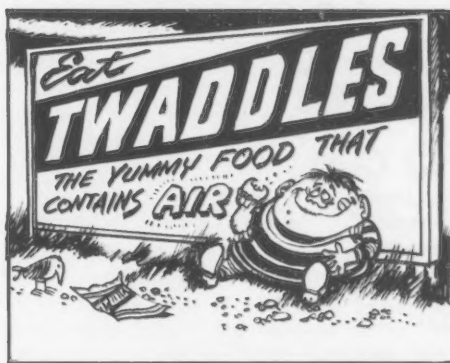
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AT ISSUE

by ALAN R. GINSBERG

Secret taping: a no-no for Nixon — but okay for reporters?

You're on deadline. A key source agrees to a telephone interview. You want to tape the call, but you're not sure how he'll react. Should you go ahead and tape without telling? Many reporters would. And while most secret taping probably remains secret, the practice is sometimes laid bare to the light of public scrutiny.

Just this past May, for example, reporter Don Kowet, who had secretly taped a telephone conversation with a CBS News producer — a conversation which the producer believed to be off the record — handed the tape over for use as evidence by General William Westmoreland in his \$120 million libel suit against CBS. The alleged libel was contained in a controversial 1982 CBS documentary in which Westmoreland was charged with suppressing estimates of enemy strength in Vietnam, and Kowet had used the taped interview as background for a *TV Guide* article accusing CBS of unethical practices in preparing the program. (See Books, page 50.)

This was not the first secret telephone taping brought to light by the Westmoreland suit. Last year, George Crile, producer of the documentary, admitted that he had secretly taped telephone conversations with former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara while doing research for the program. Crile was suspended with pay when the taping was revealed, perhaps the only case of a journalist being punished for the practice.

Surreptitious taping — or "participant monitoring," as some defenders of the practice prefer to call it — is not to be confused with wiretapping, in which a third party listens to, or tapes, a telephone conversation without the knowledge of the participants. While wiretapping is clearly forbidden by federal law, in most states journalists may tape their own telephone conversations without the other party's permission; the theory is that this serves the useful purpose of helping journalists to insure the accuracy of their reporting and to defend themselves against charges of misquotation or libel.

The law is confusing because federal and state statutes do not agree. In 1968, Congress passed the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act, which expressly permits people to tape their telephone conversations without telling the other party. But a Federal Communications Commission rule, in effect since 1947, requires telephone companies to insist that their customers sound an audible beep tone while taping calls unless they have first obtained permission to tape from the other party or parties. The only punishment for breaking this rule is removal of the violator's telephone, and this penalty has rarely, if ever, been invoked. The FCC, moreover, regulates only interstate, not local, calls. But the FCC does forbid broadcasting any telephone conversation, live or taped, without the consent of all participants.

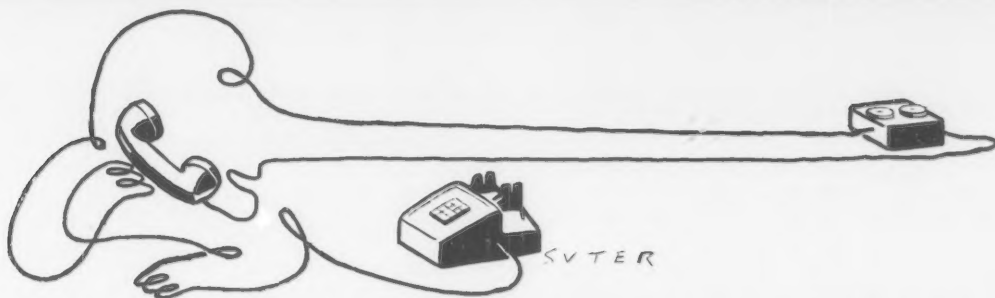
Thirteen states have laws that require the consent of all parties before a call may be taped. They are California, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Montana, New Hampshire, Oregon, Pennsylvania, and Washington. Normally the law of the state in which the recording is made is the law that applies. But because conflicts between federal and state laws remain unresolved by the courts, it is impossible to predict with certainty whether the surreptitious taping

of interstate or international calls in a state which prohibits undisclosed taping would be held to be illegal.

In addition to overlapping laws, reporters must take into account rules made by their employers. On June 17, 1983, John Brown, ombudsman of the *Edmonton Journal* of Alberta, Canada, informed managing editor Don F. Smith that a reporter had taped a telephone call without telling the person he was interviewing. On June 20, Smith issued a written directive forbidding the *Journal* staff to tape without telling. During the last two years, a number of news organizations have perceived a need to establish such rules, orally or in writing. Some flatly prohibit taping without permission of the interviewee. Others permit surreptitious taping, but only with the approval of an editor or executive.

Whether surreptitious taping by a reporter is ever ethical — and, if so, under what circumstances — is a subject of hot debate in the news business.

"It is, of course, ethical to take notes of a telephone conversation without telling the other person one is doing so," Frederick Taylor, executive editor of *The Wall Street Journal*, wrote in the *American Society of Newspaper Editors Bulletin* for December/January 1983. An audio recording of a telephone interview, in Taylor's estimation, presents the same ethical conditions as a stenographic transcript or a verbatim account keyed silently into a word-processing terminal. Many journalists agree with Taylor that they have no duty to tell sources what form of record is being kept of their phone conversations. "Why does one step further into the electronic age cause such shudders?" Taylor asks.



CJ/David Suter

(*The Wall Street Journal* isn't as bullish on surreptitious taping as Taylor, though. The newspaper's official policy requires reporters to obtain senior editorial approval when they intend to tape without telling.)

New York libel attorney Victor A. Kovner maintains that "as long as people speaking with journalists know that what they say is for publication, they should want the most accurate record possible." According to Jack C. Landau, executive director of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, "The most efficient and foolproof way to make sure that a news reporter or editor can prove the accuracy of an important interview is to have made a tape recording of the discussion — with or without the consent of the person whose conversation was recorded." Landau noted in the January 21, 1984, *Editor & Publisher* that a tape recording is "generally such reliable evidence that it can stop a libel suit even before it is filed."

Similar arguments have been advanced by *The Miami Herald* and the Sunbeam Television Corporation, operator of WCKT in Miami, which, in 1977, joined in challenging the constitutionality of a Florida statute requiring prior consent of all participants for telephone taping. The two news organizations, in the only court challenge to date to such a statute, argued that it violated the First Amendment by hindering the process of gathering and disseminating news. They asserted that surreptitious taping is necessary to insure "accuracy; candidness of person interviewed; and corroboration." The Florida court rejected these arguments, ruling that to allow reporters to tape without telling "would pose a threat to the citizen's justifiable expectations of privacy."


Proponents of secret taping suggest that nonjournalists who oppose the practice do so because they want to preserve the deniability of their statements to the press — their option to lie about what they have already said. In an April 1982 *Los Angeles Times* article headlined HONESTY AT ISSUE IN SECRET TAPING, reporter David Shaw related an incident in which *Times* reporter Robert Scheer had taped a call without telling:

Scheer had interviewed then-presidential candidate George Bush during the 1980 campaign, he says, and one of Bush's top aides



later claimed publicly that Bush had been misquoted. But Scheer says the aide admitted privately to him that Bush had *not* been misquoted.

Infuriated, Scheer says he telephoned the aide, got him to admit that the Bush quote had been accurate — and then told the aide that he had just taped that admission.

Anthony E. Insolia, editor of Long Island's *Newsday*, believes that taping without telling "is justified in very sensitive investigations in which we expect that we will have to defend the veracity of what we have published in court. We should not feel that every investigative



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effort that we undertake automatically justifies such tape recording."

On the other side of the debate, opponents of surreptitious taping recall how vehemently the press attacked Richard Nixon and, recently, Charles Z. Wick for the practice. Journalists, they say, should be as open about their conduct as they insist that government and industry leaders should be. Also, many people just don't like to be taped without being told. The practice seems sneaky, deceptive, dishonest. Ultimately, this group holds, secret taping hurts the press by damaging credibility and making people less willing to cooperate with reporters.

"Mutual trust is the basis of what this business is all about," says Nat Hentoff, who often writes about journalistic ethics in his column in *The Village Voice*. "People's objections are more emotional than anything else. And I think that if a reporter explains that he is taping and why, there won't be nearly as much objection as reporters seem to anticipate. You can manipulate a source sometimes

to get information, and sometimes you can get a story that way. But in the long run, you damage your credibility. Openness creates a better quality of communication and promotes the understanding that the interests of the press and the interests of the public coincide."

"The press and other news media rightly stand for openness in public discourse," ethicist Sissela Bok writes in her book *Secrets*. "But until they give equally firm support to openness in their own practices, their stance will be inconsistent and lend credence to charges of unfairness. It is now a stance that challenges every collective rationale for secrecy save the media's own."

"I think it is more an ethical question than a legal or logical one," says Katharine P. Darrow, general counsel of The New York Times Company. "People react emotionally to the idea of being taped. We believe that the expectations of people in society do not include being taped without their being informed." *Times* executive editor A. M. Rosenthal has said, "It doesn't sit well in the stom-

ach to tape someone and not tell them you're doing it. It's not honest. It's not fair. Period."

"In today's atmosphere where journalists are subject to mistrust and lack of public confidence," says Fred Behringer, chairman of the National Ethics Committee of the Society of Professional Journalists, Sigma Delta Chi, "I don't see any overwhelming advantage to not fully informing sources that you are taping them."

The issue of surreptitious taping may, before many years, become moot. "The march of technology will make recorders smaller and better and even more acceptable," Clair Balfour, ombudsman of the Montreal, Canada, *Gazette* wrote on January 19, 1984. "And what becomes commonplace no longer needs to be declared or discussed." Newsrooms will eventually be equipped with video telephones that will permit the videotaping of conversations, and voice-responsive computers that will "listen" to



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conversations and type out transcripts without ever making an audiotape. These and other changes may force journalists to rethink their options.

But, for the present, should journalists tape their telephone conversations without telling? The answer is: it depends. Certainly it should not be done in states whose laws prohibit the practice. And reporters are well advised not to violate the editorial policies of the news organizations which employ them, since, as George Crile discovered, their jobs might be at stake.

But a prohibition of surreptitious taping would not be in the best interests of the press or the public. Tape recording has proved an excellent method of keeping highly accurate notes while freeing journalists to concentrate on the substance of their investigations. When there is a real reason to fear that informing the source of the taping would inhibit the newsgathering process, taping without telling is sometimes justified.

For example, in March 1977, an NBC News reporter recorded part of a call

from a man making a fraudulent real estate sales pitch. The call was made in Florida and received in Texas, and NBC did not broadcast it. Clearly, the source would not have been forthcoming with information had he known he was being taped. Other compelling situations include times when reporters receive information by telephone about crimes in progress such as kidnappings or bomb threats. It is impossible to cite every set of circumstances which would justify secret taping. When to tape and when to tell are properly and practically judgment calls for each reporter to make.

In a 1980 law journal article published by the Hastings College of the Law in San Francisco, Kent R. Middleton, associate professor of journalism at the University of Georgia, wrote that "participant monitoring by the press and private citizens has an impressive record of documenting fraud, deception, harassment, and official lethargy." Gilbert Cranberg, George Gallup Professor at the University of Iowa's School of Journalism and Mass Communication, found

in a 1982 survey of editors that, "While the respondents strongly rejected surreptitious recording as a general principle, only twenty-four percent would rule it out under all circumstances."

Public attitudes about telephone taping may change, but for now the objections of a significant portion of the population ought to be taken into account. Interviews should not be secretly taped except when there is no other way to nail down key elements of a story. In ordinary circumstances, people will be grateful for the information that a conversation is being taped, and will have no objection.

Reporters also should consider their own motives for taping without telling. Using tapes for fishing expeditions for embarrassing quotes is mean-spirited, and not the kind of journalism most of us would be proud to practice. One function of a free press is to serve the public interest. Secret taping is justified when it facilitates this function, not when it is used as a weapon against those who are supposedly being served. ■

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COMMENT

What if he gave a news conference and nobody came?

That curious entertainment called the presidential news conference has been on the nation's television sets now for twenty-three years, ever since January 25, 1961, the day that John F. Kennedy stepped before a throng of four hundred journalists and for the first time let questions and answers be transmitted live to the country. There was considerable nervousness beforehand that a president speaking live and extemporaneously might make a slip that, in the words of one of the questioners at that session, "could possibly cause some grave consequences." JFK brushed aside this warning and proceeded to hold sixty-three more such sessions in his thirty-four months in office.

Kennedy's confidence that no harm would come from the live news conference has been largely borne out; the question today is, rather, whether it is still doing any good. Indeed, the case can be made that these conferences, in their current form, serve little purpose, at least from the point of view of the journalists who dutifully flock to each session.

The notion that the conferences serve a quasi-constitutional function, analogous to a parliamentary question period, has long since gone by the board. The infrequency of President Reagan's appearances — twenty-four in forty months in office — means that there can hardly be any continuity in the questioning. Moreover, the conferences, held only when the president finds it convenient to call in the press, leave the impression that they have become little more than another item in the repertory of presidential theater: *An Evening with the Great Communicator*.

The format of the news conference, of course, has always been determined by the president, from Herbert Hoover's fussy shuffling of slips of paper bearing written questions to Reagan's newly introduced presidential Long March down a White House corridor to the podium. But now, more than ever before, journalists have been cast as mere extras in the president's show. In *The New York Times* of May 24, Robert D. Hershey, Jr., detailed the firm control that Reagan's staff exercises over the event, down to the assignment of seats, the order of questioning, and even, it appears, the carefully planned first-naming of reporters, as in the president's condescending salute on May 22: "And now, tonight's first question will be from Maureen Santini — and, incidentally, this is a double first for Maureen. Her first first question in her new role as the A.P.'s chief White House correspondent. Maureen?" Later in the conference the president called on "Helen," "Andrea," "Charlotte," "Gary," "Jerry," and "Sarah." (The last was the ven-

erable Sarah McClendon, whose persistent questioning about fraud among defense contractors was turned aside by the president and was met with derisive laughter from many of her colleagues.)

The obvious question is: What are journalists — and, through them, the public — getting out of these well-rehearsed performances? The news conference still generates news, because in our journalistic cosmos almost anything a president says is news. And, despite the degree of control, there is still a chance to see a president speaking extemporaneously. But do these benefits justify the reduction of a good share of the Washington press corps into "straight men" for the master of the one-liner (and of the five-minute monologue)? Journalists might bear in mind that it is not only the president, but journalism, that is on display. And the impression that comes off the television screen is that of a classroom dominated by a teacher so kind and well-meaning that those who jolt him with unpleasant questions are perceived as an embarrassment to their more well-mannered classmates.

What can reporters do to break the spell? Perhaps not much, beyond recognizing that the presidential news conference is in a decadent period and may not deserve the crowd it has always drawn. Those reporters whose attendance is optional might consider skipping a few sessions, just to convey the message.

The secret life of NSDD 84

Columnist William Safire has been among the most eloquent and persistent critics of President Reagan's controversial National Security Decision Directive 84. He has explained, in persuasive detail, why the directive is a "notorious" and "damnable" one. Was it perhaps wishful thinking on his part when, in a March 9 *New York Times* column titled "Split Screen Candidate," he wrote that the directive "has been temporarily withdrawn," adding parenthetically by way of explanation: "too much congressional opposition surfaced to the use of lie detectors and lifelong censorship requirements"?

Many journalists seem to have shared Safire's belief that NSDD 84 had been shelved. In fact, the bulk of the directive — eleven of its thirteen provisions — has been in effect ever since March 11, 1983, when the president issued it. Moreover, while it may seem that the temporary suspension of section 1 (b) — requiring some 127,000 officials to submit to lifelong censorship — was a significant victory for Congress, the fact is that section 1 (a), which remains intact,

still requires the signing of nondisclosure agreements that constitute an almost equally restrictive form of censorship. This section, now being promulgated under orders of the National Security Council, will put four million federal workers under contractual obligation never to disclose classified information they learn on the job.

Curiously, the press's misleading reporting on the fate of Directive 84 played a significant part in prodding the NSC into action. Our source for this insight is Angus Mackenzie, an occasional contributor to the *Review* who did some digging into Directive 84. Mackenzie called up the man in charge of implementing the nondisclosure provision, Information Security Oversight Office Director Steven Garfinkel. In the course of their conversation, Garfinkel told Mackenzie that late last year some bureaucrats had mistakenly concluded from their reading of the press that NSDD 84 had been rescinded. To clarify matters, the National Security Council sent out letters to some fifty agency heads ordering the promulgation of the directive's eleven sections that had not been rescinded or suspended.

So far as Mackenzie was able to ascertain, this letter — like much else relating to the damnable directive — was overlooked by reporters.

Darts and laurels

Dart: to *The Boston Herald*, for lagging behind on the road to journalistic progress. The paper's page-one photos of the Boston Marathon (April 19) carried a caption identifying the winning male as a "former firefighter," the winning female as a "lanky brunette."

Dart: to *The Wall Street Journal*, for a highly negative review of a book by Harold Willens, a West Coast tycoon seeking to enlist his fellow executives in the campaign to stop the nuclear arms race, which failed to disclose that the author of the review, Sam Cohen, is the inventor of the neutron bomb.

Dart: to *The Phoenix Gazette*, for overgenerosity in the name of sweet charity. In a March 14 article headlined WE CAN MAKE YOU A STAR, the paper promised a personal, celebrifying feature story, written by a staff reporter and illustrated by a staff photographer, to the highest bidder at an upcoming fund-raising auction for COMPAS, the Combined Metropolitan Phoenix Arts and Sciences association, whose president, Darrow Tully, is publisher of the *Gazette*.

Dart: to the *Calgary (Canada) Herald*, for a graphic illustration of the misuse of color. The paper's glowing obituary of legendary landscape photographer Ansel Adams

was accompanied by an eight-by-six reproduction of his black-and-white masterpiece "Winterstorm" in tones of lilygilding greenish yellow.

Laurel: to Lawrence K. Altman, medical writer of *The New York Times*, for a revealing nonroutine examination, in the wake of an extensive outbreak of food poisoning among British Airways passengers and crew members, of the spotty application of rules governing the preparation and service of food to cockpit crews. Altman's prescription for relieving the potentially life-threatening situation: a requirement that pilots and co-pilots avoid eating the same food before and during flights.

Dart: to the Weirton, West Virginia, *Daily Times*, for a May 15 news story about New York State's position on sulphur emissions that was a 680-word-for-680-word hand-out from the National Coal Association.

Dart: to Fred McMorrow of *The New York Times*, for a misguided April 8 "About Long Island" piece, in which the reporter retraced the steps of his nostalgic visit to the Army's reception center at Camp Upton on the fortieth anniversary of his arrival there as a soldier in 1944, and described the unfond memories and grim foreboding evoked by the "barracks-like buildings with no windows," "locked gates," and "Attack-Dogs on Duty" warning signs that marked the ominous presence of the site's current occupant, Brookhaven National Laboratory. As subsequently discovered by a puzzled lab director who recognized none of McMorrow's images and decided to follow his outlined route, the reporter had made a wrong turn on the parkway and ended up at the back entrance to a racetrack. (The "barracks-like buildings with no windows," a letter to the *Times* explained, were actually the stables.)

Laurel: to the Casper, Wyoming, *Star-Tribune*, for holding the journalistic fort in the face of big advertising guns. Advised in a bitter letter from the president of the Ball Advertising Group of his decision to "reduce the size of every newspaper ad across the board that we order for our clients by 20 percent effective immediately and until further notice" — a decision triggered by the paper's refusal to publish a Ball Group press release announcing its new contract with a nearby chamber of commerce — the paper promptly reported the incident to readers in an edifying story headlined AD AGENCY LINKS ADS TO NEWS PLAY. "You shouldn't be able to buy the news," editor Richard High was quoted as saying.

Dart: to KDFW-TV, Dallas, and sports reporter Kevin McCarthy, for trying to play both sides of the game. Besides reporting on the Dallas Mavericks basketball team for the CBS affiliate, McCarthy serves as arena announcer for the

team's home games. According to *Dallas Times Herald* TV commentator Steven Reddcliffe, who criticized the apparent conflict of interest in a March 13 column, KDFW news director Bill Wilson "had this to say on the subject: 'I don't have anything to say about that particular situation.'"

Dart: to the Lake County, Ohio, *News-Herald*, for the peculiar news judgment displayed on its May 3 front page: one five-by-seven full-color picture of a local resident perusing the *News-Herald* in her garden, and one three-by-five full-color picture of a bird nesting in a flower box adjacent to a receptacle marked for *News-Herald* delivery.

Laurel: to NBC's *Today* show and health consultant Art Ulene, for bringing a blast of fresh air to the so-called controversy over the dangers of smoking. Challenging the "disgraceful" and "deceptive" ad campaign by R. J. Reynolds in which the tobacco company claims that there is little evidence that secondhand cigarette smoke causes disease in nonsmokers, Ulene itemized point by point some of the impressive evidence that Reynolds "overlooked," including articles in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the *Journal of Epidemiology*, the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the *American Review of Respiratory Diseases*, and *Lancet*. "The R. J. Reynolds people say they'd like you to have the truth about passive smoking," Ulene's two-and-a-half-minute commentary concluded. "Well, in my opinion, you're more likely to get the truth without their help."

Dart: to the Lawrence, Kansas, *Daily Journal-World*. In

an April 14 editorial, editor and publisher Dolph C. Simons, Jr., attacked as detrimental to state development a proposed policy that would raise the taxes on the cable industry, among others — but neglected to mention that, in addition to the paper, the Simons family's holdings include a cable system that serves the Lawrence area.

Laurel: to the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, for a five-part exposé (beginning March 25) documenting the shocking history of an uncorrected defect in the design of military helicopters that were involved in sixty-seven accidents causing the deaths of 231 U.S. servicemen — all of which were manufactured by Bell Helicopter, a major employer in the Fort Worth area. The series prompted a storm of protest against the paper, most notably from union workers, that ranged from abusive letters to the editor to a massive cancellation of subscriptions; it also prompted an announcement by the Army (on May 23) of a series of actions that it belatedly planned to take to reduce the chances of similar accidents occurring again.

Dart: to the *Arkansas Democrat*, for fatuously featuring its own managing editor as the subject of a March 14 cover story in its Mid-Week Magazine. Titled JOHN R. STARR SEEKS TRUTH, the 3,000-word article (plus cover drawing and inside photo) informed readers about the infancy, childhood, military service, schooling ("All A's except for 2 B pluses"), courtship, and career of the dedicated journalist, as well as his favorite author, book, restaurant, sport, television show, movie stars — and much, much more.

Other voices

Elliott Abrams on what the media do and don't cover

Another recent example of the media's reluctance to criticize the human rights violations of the left concerns Guatemala. Imagine for a moment that the UN Human Rights Commission had appointed a distinguished member of the British House of Lords, an attorney who had been head of the commission's working group on disappearances, to investigate the human rights situation in Guatemala. Imagine further that this distinguished individual had reported that the guerrillas in Guatemala enjoy the support of the population, that the government considered the Indians to be little better than dogs, and that government forces were guilty of widespread, and growing, brutality. Don't you think that such a study would be reported in the media? I think it would, and prominently.

However, what actually happened was that the study submitted by Lord Colville, the special rapporteur of the UN Human Rights Commission on Guatemala, reported that the guerrillas had forced unwilling villagers to accompany them to the mountains, that the government was enforcing dis-

ciplinary proceedings against members of civil patrols guilty of human rights abuses, and was also taking measures to improve the standard of living in the countryside. If few of you have heard of this study, perhaps the reason is that it went virtually unreported in the press. I know of not a single reference to it — a display of bias by the press perhaps, but more likely a display of shallowness of coverage, of uninterest, of lack of information, combining with some degree of bias.

*From a speech by Elliott Abrams,
Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights,
at Cooper Union, New York City, March 30*

James McCartney on America's secret weapon

Quite shortly, the administration is going to deploy the beginnings of a force of about 800 sea-launched cruise missiles. They are going over the next several years to be put in the torpedo tubes of attack submarines, on the decks of battleships, cruisers, destroyers, just about any kind of American ship you want to think of. This decision actually was made in the latter part of the Carter years and the Reagan people have been carrying it out. Why am I so concerned about a sea-launched cruise missile?

Because in all probability, the deployment of this system

will make nuclear arms control agreements as we have known them in the SALT I and the SALT II treaties obsolete. And because, for all practical purposes, most of the debates in the public about nuclear arms control can be forgotten once this system is in being.

I would call the sea-launched cruise missile, for all practical purposes, America's secret weapon, because there has been no substantial public debate about it. There hasn't been a substantial debate in Congress. There hasn't been a substantial debate in the media.

I asked one of our computer technologists to give me a printout of recent stories on the cruise missile to see what I could find about the sea-launched version and this is what I got. Among the first 150 items that came up on the computer in which the term "cruise missile" was used in recent publications, radio broadcasts, and so forth, there is only one mention of the sea-launched cruise missile: a reference to a public protest in Japan where 4,000 people protested the American decision to deploy it. Meanwhile, most Americans don't know what it is or why it is important.

Why is it important? It is important because the system is impossible, or probably impossible, to verify. The fate of civilization itself can be involved in this kind of decision, but somehow or other the system has failed. We have failed in the written press. Television has failed. Congress has failed. The Pentagon has failed. The State Department has failed. The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, in particular, has failed. This has never become an important public issue. It should have been. And the question that I am trying to pose is the broad one of, why not? What has to be done? What is wrong with those of us who have something to do with the media that we haven't been able to find ways of presenting these immensely complex problems to bring really important public issues to the fore?

From remarks by James McCartney, national security correspondent for Knight-Ridder Newspapers, at an April 9 conference on "War, Peace, and the News" at American University, Washington, D.C.

Phyllis Rose on kidding around about Nora Astorga

A Freudian would say that we are fascinated with female assassins because they represent our deepest fears. I would amend that to say "men's deepest fears."

As we also know from Freud, the things we fear most we tend to joke about the most. Perhaps this explains the extraordinary levity with which the American press has tended to treat the appointment [as Nicaraguan ambassador to the United States] of Nora Astorga [who, in 1978, lured one of Somoza's chief lieutenants to her bedroom, where he was killed by Sandinista guerrillas]. *Time* captioned its picture of her "Experienced hostess" and ended an article on her appointment with a quotation from a United States diplomat: "There's a limit to how close I'd get to her." A *New York Times* editorial titled *FEMME FATALE* compared her to Marlene Dietrich in several film roles and expressed

regret that Josef von Sternberg was not around to direct her.

I, for one, wonder if a male version of Nora Astorga — a former revolutionary terrorist appointed ambassador to the United States — would be treated with such levity.

Phyllis Rose in the "Hers" column, The New York Times, April 26

John Kenneth Galbraith on the press and the sycophancy of power

Next, there is what may be called the sycophancy of power. If the president is held to have power, a very large number of other people can believe that they have power too. This is highly agreeable, and they will be sought out and celebrated by those who are similarly misled. I speak here of the presidential staff, the Cabinet members and, most important of all, the newspaper and television reporters who cover the White House. All are freeloaders on the presumed power of the presidency. All, by enhancing the impression of presidential power, enhance the impression of their own.

This impulse is especially the tendency of the media. All have seen it in the faces and manner of the television news commentators covering the White House. Here are men and women whose responsibility is a heavy burden. None allows himself or herself a trace of humor; there is that special gravity in those closing words: "Joseph Zilch at the White House." Joe is there sharing that power; not for him to do anything to minimize it. Someday, he will tell of his burdens and responsibilities and how he discharged them in a very serious book with a slightly offhand title, *The White House Beat*.

From "How Powerful Is The President?" by John Kenneth Galbraith, Parade, May 13

Meg Greenfield on off-the-record reality

There is something wonderfully, if unintentionally, revealing in the argument . . . as to whether Jesse Jackson's use of the derogatory terms "Hymie" and "Hymietown" when he was talking to reporter Milton Coleman was on or off the record. . . . In this and similar disputes we have given the game away — yet again — although no one seems particularly disturbed by its central fact, which is this: what we call the record often tends to be the precise opposite of a record. It is, rather, the artifice, the cooked-up part, the image that the politician, with our connivance, hopes to convey and generally does. The off-the-record part is where the reality and authenticity are to be found and where they are generally supposed to remain forever obscure. . . . Secretary Shultz at a press lunch the other day expressed bemusement that one journalist had recently been very suspicious and resentful upon learning that an interview he was scheduled to get was going to be on the record. I thought: this probably tells you less about the particular journalist involved than it does about the meaning of the word "record" these days.

Meg Greenfield, The Washington Post, April 11

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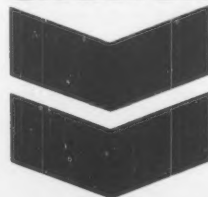
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CAMPAIGN 84



GEORGE McGOVERN: THE TARGET TALKS BACK

by GEORGE McGOVERN

 Inviting me to reflect on the press coverage of my recent, brief bid for the Democratic presidential nomination, including possible comparisons to 1972, the *Review*'s editor assured me that there was "absolutely no rule against being sharp, witty, entertaining — even mildly malicious." How could I turn down such a juicy invitation to get even with a press which, in its time, had done so many "mildly malicious" numbers on me?

Yet, as I sit down to write, my mind is at first filled not with malice but with pleasant memories of those friendly editorials, columns, and commentaries that formed a substantial part of the press coverage in the closing weeks of my recent presidential effort. I cannot recall any other presidential contender in recent years who received more scathing press coverage at the start of a campaign and more complimentary coverage at the end. I recall especially a piece written shortly before the Iowa caucuses by David Broder of *The Washington Post* which was so generous toward me that I have it framed and hanging on my office wall.

But, having mentioned these charitable thoughts toward the press, let me now take off the gloves and get down to a little malicious revenge. After all, I don't want to choke off the appropriate, adversarial relationship between press and politician with too much charity and gratitude!

It is certainly not an original thought for me to observe at the outset that the American press corps is hung up on the mechanical horse-race aspects of campaigning to the detriment of proper inquiry, analysis, and truth-telling as to where candidates stand on important public concerns. Or as to what kind of character, intellectual preparation, and experience candidates bring to high office. This was true in 1972; it was true in 1984, as well.

When I entered the presidential competition last September, there was a nearly unanimous consensus among reporters, columnists, and commentators that only two men

had any real chance of winning the Democratic nomination: John Glenn and Walter Mondale. Glenn and Mondale were considered the only candidates worthy of substantial press coverage not because of their records, their characters, or their convictions, but because of their high standing in early public opinion polls, their large campaign war chests, and their big campaign staffs.

There was a brief period of time in mid-1983 when Alan Cranston stirred press attention by winning a straw ballot

'The Des Moines Register put it this way: "Well, there they go again. Harold [Stassen] and George have come out of the political woodwork"'

McGovern (wife, Eleanor, at left) declaring his candidacy



UPI/Bettmann



Mark Abraham

The candidate talking with students at Brandeis University

'I wish some graduate student would do a dissertation on the sharp differences between the questions voters ask and those asked by most of the press'

in Wisconsin. Straw ballots have no legal bearing on the nomination, of course, but Cranston's win in Wisconsin, combined with showings of strength in other straw ballots, led the California senator to announce that "it is now a three-man race."

Cranston and the other candidates then in the race — Hart, Hollings, and Askew — had repeatedly bemoaned the press's determination to make it a two-man race, and the latter three were understandably no happier about the three-man race notion. But when Hart later emerged with a strong second-place showing in Iowa, he promptly affirmed that there was a new three-man race — which he and the press converted to a two-man race after he won the New Hampshire primary a week later.

Even in the so-called debates where six to eight candidates would appear together, the press continued to focus on oratorical sparring between Glenn and Mondale while largely ignoring the efforts of the rest of us. It soon became clear that the best way for a "long-shot" candidate to attract the press's attention was to attack one or both of the two front-runners. As Mondale began to emerge as the front-runner nearly every candidate attacked him in a televised debate at Dartmouth last January. The criticism in that debate got so fierce that I finally intervened with a warning that "front-runners sometimes get nominated." I made clear, as I was to do on subsequent occasions, that if Democrats wanted to beat Reagan in the fall, we should not beat up on each other too much in the spring and summer.

This intervention on my part so startled the debate moderator, Phil Donahue, that he abruptly broke into my remarks to ask if I was "sincere." Subsequent warnings on my part against personal bitterness between Democratic contenders led Curtis Wilkie and Tom Oliphant of *The Boston Globe* (both able reporters whom I regard as personal friends) and political writers of *Newsweek* magazine (whom I have re-

garded as flagrantly "anti-McGovern" since 1972) to conclude that I was running interference for Mondale in search of a cabinet post in the next Democratic administration.

Although I thoroughly enjoyed the "debates," it was frustrating to me to score well — sometimes exceedingly well — with the audiences, only to be virtually or completely ignored in press accounts the next day. After being convinced during several debates that I had "won" the audience, I was disappointed to see press accounts relating a verbal exchange between Mondale and Glenn with only a passing reference to my participation.

Columnists Jack Germond and Jules Witcover, old friends of mine from more than a few political contests, did an analysis of the important Ames, Iowa, farm debate that never even mentioned my participation. When my young press secretary, Mark Kaminsky, called them about this "oversight" (a call he made without my knowledge or instigation), he was told in effect that I could not be treated as a serious candidate because I had raised so little money. How could anyone be in a horse race without a lot of money?

Press accounts of other debates and joint appearances would frequently note that I was "the sentimental favorite" or that I was cheered because of "nostalgia." It is pleasant to be accorded the capacity to arouse sentiment and nostalgia. But I must confess that it would have been even more pleasant (and more to the point) if the press had considered the possibility that I was winning over audiences both in person and on television by knowledge, persuasion, and wit — not just because of nostalgia.

In every public appearance, members of the audience raised questions that indicated genuine interest in the issues before the country. Meanwhile, members of the press were asking a very different set of questions: "How much money have you raised?" "Why are you so low in the polls?" "Why isn't your wife campaigning?" "Would you have a woman as your running mate?" "Why are you running when you lost so big in '72?" I wish some graduate student would do a dissertation on the sharp differences between the questions voters ask candidates and those asked by most of the press. Among the citizenry, the most serious and important questions, I believe, came from high school students, with university students a close second.

So deeply ingrained is the press's fascination with who is winning or losing the horse race that the chief press memory about the 1972 election is not the Vietnam issue or the Watergate syndrome; rather, it is seen as the year of the Nixon landslide over George McGovern — the most soundly trounced candidate in history. The fact that the landslide winner was driven from office in disgrace because of the corruption that I had repeatedly warned against in the course of the campaign did not seem to redeem the loser in the eyes of the press. Nor did my winning the Democratic nomination in 1972 against such tough competition as Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie seem to have enhanced my image as a winner rather than a loser.

It was maddening to me, following my presidential an-

nouncement last September, to read countless press commentaries comparing me to the perennially losing Republican presidential aspirant, Harold Stassen. Stassen, an amiable man with decent instincts and generally sound views, has been seeking the GOP presidential nomination since I was a college student. He has never come close to the nomination.

By contrast, I had made one serious bid for the Democratic nomination — a bid that ended in a decisive victory. Furthermore, notwithstanding my defeat in the 1980 South Dakota senate race, I had compiled an unprecedented record of winning elections in conservative South Dakota for nearly a quarter of a century.

My only lopsided defeat was the defeat by Richard Nixon in 1972, and how many Americans are now pleased about that? Yet, this one defeat prompted scores of press references after my 1983 announcement to "George McStassen" or "the Democratic Stassen."

I doubt if any candidate for the presidency was ever subjected to more initial press ridicule than that which greeted me. The day before I announced, for example, *The Washington Post's* editors wrote that a "McGovern candidacy would be — to put it plainly — doomed." In 1969 and 1970 I had presided over a commission representing every shade of opinion in the Democratic party which, acting under a 1968 convention mandate, drafted recommendations for reforming the delegate selection procedures leading up to the next convention. The commission's recommendations — designed primarily to give women, minorities, and youth a more representative role in the Democratic nominating process — were approved by party chairman Lawrence O'Brien and by the entire national committee. The *Post*, however, saw this effort with which I was briefly associated as one that "held the Democratic party up to ridicule and diminished its chances in general elections." The *Post* also saw an undefined "fuzziness of vision" in my 1972 views, which the editors found confirmed in a suggestion I had recently made that the late Soviet leader Yuri Andropov was sufficiently "reasonable" and "restrained" to merit a face-to-face meeting with President Reagan.

My old journalistic nemesis, *Newsweek*, saw my candidacy as one more "unmistakable" sign that "McGovern craves another chance to cavort in the limelight." As *Newsweek* put it: "To most Democratic politicians" — was there a poll? — "it was as if a long-rejected suitor had shown up uninvited at the wedding."

Dan Rather and Bruce Morton of CBS gave a brief, scoffing account of my September 13 announcement on the news that evening which included the information that "when he ran in 1972, junior staff members called him 'McGoo.'" After the barest possible reference to my differences on the issues with the other candidates, Morton devoted the balance of his brief commentary to my wife's reservations about another campaign.

The Des Moines Register put it this way: "Well, there they go again. Harold [Stassen] and George have come out of the political woodwork just when we least need them. . . . Toss in John Anderson's expected ego-tripping as a third-party candidate and you have the Larry, Shemp,

and Moe of politics 1984. Ah, well . . . maybe this campaign needs some comic relief. Three stooges, anyone?"

In a lead editorial headed CANDIDATE GEORGE MCSTASSEN, the *Chicago Tribune* said: "No one could think of a way to prevent it; so former Senator George McGovern of South Dakota announced his candidacy for the Democratic presidential nomination. This is not exactly grave news; it's just one of those things that shouldn't have happened."

Columnists Ellen Goodman and Mary McGrory, two McGovern "friends" (I thought), were equally hostile. Wrote Goodman: "We have the candidacy of a sixty-one-year-old man who was, simply, restless in retirement." She also observed with an air of sadness: "We prefer elder statesman to elder fools."

A much crueler cut came from McGrory, who not only ridiculed my 1983 announcement but said in looking back to my 1972 presidential effort: "Many voters, looking at his thin face and hearing his reedy voice, were doubtful of his ability to lead the Western world. Could he, in the White House, ask for a glass of water and be sure it would be brought to him? People weren't sure." (I do not know whether Mary knows that Abraham Lincoln had a "thin face" and a "reedy voice," but, of course, Lincoln didn't try to lead the Western world — simply a handful of warring American states.)



have highlighted some of the early attacks on my candidacy not because I enjoy reviewing harsh comments about me, but because it is interesting to contrast the initial hostility of the press with the subsequent dramatic turnaround about my candidacy on the part of most of the press. In almost every case the journalists who wrote the hostile commentaries cited above retracted their words and offered instead strongly complimentary words about me as a person and about the conduct of my campaign.

This demonstrates a capacity on the part of the press that I had not expected to see. I had shared the conventional view that the press never apologizes and seldom changes its mind about a position previously taken. I was proven wrong.

Within three weeks of its hostile editorial cited above, *The Des Moines Register*, in effect, wrote a retraction, observing, "Now that we have seen and heard George McGovern in his first foray into Iowa, his long-shot candidacy strikes us as more than just an ego trip or a bad joke. . . . Perhaps what this Democratic race needs. . . is a candidate who doesn't really expect to win, but wants to force the party to think hard about its stance as an effective alternative to Reaganism. On second thought, we welcome McGovern to the race, and urge him to do just that."

Ellen Goodman did a New Year's column on pieces she most regretted having written in 1983. She concluded on this note: "Finally, the column I'd most like to issue a recall on was published back in September, when George McGovern threw his hat in the ring. I pronounced his candidacy 'embarrassing.' Correction, please. The guy hasn't got a chance, but he's got a lot of class."

As for *The Washington Post*, it commented following my



Mark Abraham

The last lap: shaking hands in Boston

'During the final crucial two weeks of the campaign in Massachusetts I was inexplicably blacked out on news coverage in the *Globe*'

withdrawal from the race on March 13: "When he ran this time we thought his candidacy was an embarrassment and a joke. We were wrong. The McGovern who presented himself to the country this year was a relaxed, amusing, and mellow figure who lent good qualities to the campaign and set a standard of decency and political taste."

Curiously enough, there was no retraction from Mary McGrory, whom I have always regarded as a pal. She had written some favorable things about me in 1972, including a column just before the election in which she reacted with great warmth and favor to my last speeches of the campaign. She even predicted on the basis of the strong attack I was making that I would defeat Richard Nixon. This is a good time for me to advance a hunch I have about Mary and many of the other reporters who covered me in 1972. I believe that most of these reporters voted for me in that election, that they strongly disliked Richard Nixon, but that in an attempt to compensate for their personal convictions they leaned over backwards — sometimes way over — and were as tough as possible in their reporting on me. They could not get at President Nixon. He avoided them by such devices as the "Rose Garden strategy," high-visibility television and photography at the Great Wall of China, and careful avoidance of press conferences. Of course, he refused any debates or joint appearances with me.

The press let Nixon get away with this strategy with a minimum of criticism. Meanwhile, my wide-open campaign was covered closely and critically at all times. The slightest mistake, or friction among my staff members, was carried on the front pages of newspapers and on prime-time television news. The awkward situation I was in after the revelation of Senator Eagleton's mental illness was given far more press coverage during the campaign than the Watergate scandal, which was played down until after the election.

I do not deny that mistakes were made in my 1972 campaign. But I believe that those mistakes were vastly overplayed while Nixon's much more serious mistakes in

Vietnam, Watergate, and elsewhere were largely underplayed.

In any event, I lost the election and I believe that many members of the press felt deeply wounded and angered, and — consciously or subconsciously — held me accountable not only for my mistakes but for those of the press corps and of the American public. I was held almost solely responsible for the loss of the 1972 election, while the machinations of Richard Nixon, the misperceptions of the voters, and the failures in the press coverage were all but disregarded as having contributed to the outcome.

As a consequence, reporters who had counted on me to win, or who perhaps felt guilty about having been so tough on me and so easy on Nixon, were hurt and angry in the belief that I had somehow let them down. Some of these reporters have been making me pay for that resentment and sense of betrayal ever since. Or at least that is my amateur psychological judgment.

I must confess that there are still times when I can't fully comprehend the ways of the press. Let me cite two instances in the recent campaign. One involves an incident during the Iowa campaign having to do with my decision to see the Washington Redskins — my favorite team — play in the Superbowl; the other matter involves a favorite paper of mine — *The Boston Globe* — and its curious coverage of the Massachusetts presidential primary.

The Superbowl flap in Iowa resulted from my decision to forgo a Sunday morning appearance at the Unitarian Church in Iowa City so that I could make a hurried trip to Tampa where the Redskins were playing the Oakland Raiders. I do not like scheduling campaign events on Sunday. Beyond this, I was suffering from "walking pneumonia" and needed an afternoon in the Florida sun instead of another tiring Sunday in the Iowa snow. My Iowa coordinator gambled on a change of mind on my part and disobeyed my instructions on Thursday to cancel the Sunday event. As a consequence, neither the congregation nor the two or three reporters awaiting me in Iowa City knew that my appearance had been cancelled until they arrived Sunday morning.

I took the position that all good Unitarians should be in church on Sunday morning with or without a visiting politician as an added draw. But this failed appearance drew three days of news coverage in Iowa — far more than I received even from major events that I actually attended. It was painful to accept the clear evidence that I made more news by my absence than by my speeches! David Yepsen, political reporter for *The Des Moines Register*, wrote that many Iowa Democrats saw my preference for the Superbowl over the Unitarians of Iowa City as proof of the theory that I was not a serious candidate.

Just why this minor incident prompted such extensive press commentary is a mystery to me — but then I am a Redskin fanatic whose judgment is questionable on such a heavy side issue. Sad to relate, the Redskins lost the Superbowl, despite my costly investment in that ill-fated Sunday afternoon.

As for *The Boston Globe*, no paper wrote more laudatory editorials and special columns about my candidacy. *Globe*

writer William Shannon was especially complimentary about my role in the campaign. And the *Globe* ran a lengthy lead editorial urging me not to leave the race even if I failed to come in first or second in the Massachusetts primary — the bench mark I had set as a condition for continuing beyond Massachusetts.

But during the final crucial two weeks of the campaign in Massachusetts I was inexplicably blacked out on news coverage in the *Globe*. This blackout occurred despite the fact that I was the only presidential candidate campaigning in the state and despite my publicized declaration that the Massachusetts voters would decide whether or not I continued in the race. The other candidates — Mondale, Hart, Jackson, and Glenn — all headed for other states, largely in the south, for "Super Tuesday."

I assumed that this situation would guarantee extensive press coverage by the *Globe* of the one contender who was concentrating on Massachusetts. Not so. Day after day the *Globe* carried large front-page stories about the activities of Mondale and Hart in Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Nevada, and other distant points, with lesser stories about Jackson and Glenn but with virtually no mention that I was also in the race — in, of all places, the *Globe's* home pasture.



ne major speech which I delivered at Boston's Faneuil Hall was so carefully (and I thought powerfully) crafted that I let myself hope that the *Globe* would carry the text in its entirety. It was also a highly controversial address in that I was taking strong exception to President Reagan's call for state-sponsored prayer sessions in the public schools. I still find it hard to believe that the *Globe* carried nary a word about this speech. If I do say so, it was the kind of speech that should have been reported to the voters of Massachusetts. I would have appreciated that kind of news coverage even more than an editorial urging me to stay in the race.

One final campaign incident worth mentioning was a decision by *The Des Moines Register* to run the results of a front-page poll on the Sunday before the Iowa caucuses. The poll was patently meaningless since the 1,003 Iowans who were questioned included only sixty-six who said they would definitely vote in the caucuses. It showed Mondale in first place, Cranston in a strong second place, Gary Hart in third, and me in a distant fifth place.

The next day Iowa voters gave Mondale a runaway first place, Gary Hart came in second, with me not far behind him and Alan Cranston a distant fourth. How that poll influenced the voters we will never know, but my supporters and I regarded it as a definite downer that hurt our chances in the caucuses. How it could be done constitutionally I do not know, but I wish newspaper and TV polls — especially poorly based surveys such as this *Register* poll — could be prevented during the windup of campaigns.

All in all, I close as I began, with a feeling of mellowness toward the members of the press. I have no doubt that they are at least as flawed in their activities and judgments as are we politicians. One of the reasons that their faults are not

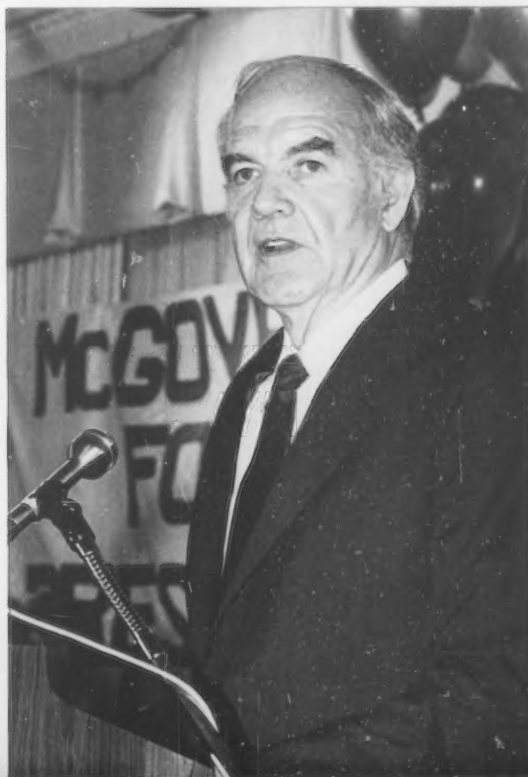
always recognized (as Jody Powell points out brilliantly in his new book, *The Other Side of the Story*) is that they seldom criticize each other. Politicians criticize each other and they often are mercilessly criticized or exposed by the press. In the end they can be removed from office by the voters. But journalists and TV commentators seem to close their eyes to their own and their colleagues' goofs and mistakes. The press also has a tendency to hang together on how a story or a candidate should be played. Political reporters tend to be highly imitative of each other. A senior member of the corps can frequently set the tone and the interpretation of how a political event or a political campaign is to be played.

Thus, after David Broder wrote on February 15, 1984, that "George McGovern is giving the political world a classic demonstration of how to win while losing," a whole series of similar sentiments cropped up in the press. To be sure, a handful of journalists — Philip Galey and Tom Wicker of *The New York Times*, Bill Greider of *Rolling Stone*, and writers and editors at the *Philadelphia Daily News*, *The Texas Observer*, and *The Boston Phoenix* — had on occasion said kind things about me early in the campaign.

And so, to Broder's observation that I had "shown many of us journalistic doubters that he is a better man than we knew," I can only reply that at least a few members of the press corps showed me in 1984 that they are better journalists and commentators than I knew. ■

'I had shared the conventional view that the press never apologizes and seldom changes its mind. . . . I was proven wrong'

March 17: the candidate bows out



UPI/Bettmann

BLACK REPORTERS, WHITE PRESS— AND THE JACKSON CAMPAIGN

by LES PAYNE

I'm asked, 'Why should we wash our dirty linen in public?' " said Chicago *Sun-Times* columnist Vernon Jarrett. "But I say, 'Why let another laundry do it?' " Pressing his point, Jarrett — who over the years has perhaps been the Reverend Jesse Jackson's toughest critic in the media — cited William Monroe Trotter's harsh, sustained newspaper attack against Booker T. Washington, at the turn of the century, as an example of the historical tradition of critical reports by black journalists on black leaders.

Jarrett's comments were made at a forum sponsored by the Chicago chapter of the National Association of Black Journalists and titled "Blacks Covering Blacks: How Much Should Be Revealed?" Similar conferences were held in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Minneapolis, San Diego, and Dallas, among other cities, in the wake of the Jesse Jackson-Milton Coleman-Louis Farrakhan affair.

The precipitating incident was, of course, the disclosure that Jackson, in a "background" conversation, had called Jews "Hymie" and New York "Hymietown." The presidential candidate's remarks appeared in the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth paragraphs of a fifty-two-paragraph *Washington Post* story written by Rick Atkinson, a white reporter, that ran on February 13. After thirteen days of denying and then expressing doubt that he had made the comments, Jackson, at an appearance in a Manchester, New Hampshire, synagogue, finally apologized. Minister Louis Farrakhan, who heads the Chicago-based Nation of Islam, publicly called Milton Coleman, the black *Washington Post* reporter who was the source of Atkinson's "Hymie" disclosure, a "traitor" and a "Judas" and used lan-

guage that some, including Coleman, interpreted as a death threat to the reporter. Though criticizing Farrakhan's comments, Jackson resisted recommendations from fellow politicians and the media that he disassociate himself from his Muslim friend of a dozen years.

Meanwhile, Coleman was rebuked by some black journalists for having violated the ground rules under which the "Hymie" comments were heard. In a long autopsy of the incident, which ran in the *Post* on April 8, Coleman said that Jackson had started off the "background" conversation by saying, "Let's talk black talk." Under the terms of this "background" agreement, Coleman



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wrote, the comments would not be attributed by name but the "substance of the conversation [would] someday find its way into print."

Among black journalists, the most frequently voiced criticism was that if Coleman, an experienced reporter, had concluded that the comment was newsworthy, he should have written the story himself, under his own by-line, and he should have written it promptly.

As the public controversy raged, black journalists went into a flurry of caucusing, jawboning on the telephone, brainstorming in workshops such as the one in Chicago — all in a hurried attempt to defend their credibility within the craft and in the black community.

The last time black journalists had gone through such intense soul-searching was during the Janet Cooke affair of 1981. Cooke's fictional story about an eight-year-old heroin addict, whom she named Jimmy, set black reporters around the country to phoning each other and bracing to defend themselves against implications that they were accomplices

of a reporter most of them had never met and whose story many of them had never read.

Black journalists accurately predicted that some would charge that Cooke's hoax — a Tiffany of the genre — reflected on the credibility and professionalism of black reporters everywhere. For there existed among black reporters the suspicion, not without foundation, that when one gets his pockets picked in London the theft is attributed to pickpockets, but when it happens in Harlem, say, it is attributed to "niggers." Janet Cooke picked the pockets of *The Washington Post*.

The Wall Street Journal led the charge. Incredibly, a front-page story warned that Cooke's caper should be a warning to newspapers everywhere about the "broader and troublesome issues" of affirmative action. "To what extent," asked the *Journal*, "do the pressures facing big-city papers to recruit and promote promising minorities cloud the initial hiring procedures — as well as the decisions as to which of their stories should be published?"

The *Post*, of course, was under no real pressure to hire black reporters, and surely it would have tolerated no pressure to publish Cooke's "Jimmy" story.

As with the Cooke caper, many black journalists these days see the Jackson-Coleman-Farrakhan affair as part of a continuing effort to discredit black reporters and thus to justify their disproportionately low representation within the craft generally and among reporters covering major stories, such as presidential campaigns, specifically.

Just as when the *Journal*, viewing the Cooke caper, saw affirmative-action implications, so, too, some whites, looking at the Jackson-Coleman-Farrakhan affair, raised questions about black reporters' coverage of Jackson.

Following the *Post*'s publication of the "Hymie" story, some newspaper editors and television producers exerted

Les Payne, who is black, is national editor of, and a columnist for, the Long Island daily, Newsday.

extreme pressure on their black reporters to verify or duplicate it. "A couple of reporters said their editors asked them repeatedly if they had heard the 'Hymie' quote," says Lee May, a veteran reporter with the *Los Angeles Times*. "They wondered whether their editors believed them when they said that they had not."

Such rumblings that black reporters, other than Coleman, might have been too soft on Jackson resulted in additional pressure, some say, to come up with tougher stuff. "Were black reporters protecting a black candidate because they supported his social agenda?" asked Jonathan Friendly in a March 8 *New York Times* article.

"This is bullshit," says Acel Moore, an associate editor and columnist for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. "I have heard some things privately about other candidates — about womanizing, for instance — and I haven't read a specific line about it publicly. I have no doubt that, under 'background' agreements, white public officials have made pejorative ethnic, racial, and sexist remarks to journalists and they have not been reported. There is a double standard at work here."



Along the way black reporters seem to have had a different view of things: the candidate, his supporters, the way they should perform their jobs. It began with the media's conception of Reverend Jackson's candidacy.

"If you had asked all white editors at the beginning if Jackson could make a creditable showing," says Moore, who has made several swings on the Jackson campaign, "most would have said that he was just a preacher who talked in rhymes, that he couldn't deal with complex issues. Black reporters who had covered him over the years knew that he was a skilled orator, a scholarly man with a tough mind, and that he would surprise most white editors, reporters, and the public."

The difference between the way white media institutions and their black journalists viewed Jackson created tension from the very outset.

"The reporter is subjected to a tremendous amount of pressure because of the difference between the way he views the Jackson campaign and the way his white editor views it," Moore observes. "It's an awesome responsibility cover-

ing a black man running for president of the United States when it's clear that your white institution is questioning the validity of his candidacy, doesn't like him, and, because of color, can't properly assess the candidate — or the reporter."

Jack E. White of *Time* magazine, who is black, agrees. "Some reporters out here had special pressure placed on them because they work for certain big newspapers with editors who, from the beginning, had a 'Get Jesse' attitude," says White.

Many black reporters admire what Jackson is doing and agree with much of what he says. They maintain, however, that they are just as capable as whites of keeping their personal views and feelings from encroaching upon their news coverage.

"The charges that we can't be fair are offensive and inaccurate," says Sylvester Monroe of *Newsweek*. "Every reporter has social biases and many share the same biases as the candidate they are covering. Who is to say that I am somehow less professional, less able to handle my social biases, than the white reporters covering Hart or Mondale?"

In addition to having differences with

Jacques M. Chenet/Newsweek



Black talk, black anger: Talking on background with Washington Post reporter Milton Coleman (above, with Jackson), Jesse Jackson referred to Jews as "Hymie." When the Post reported this, Minister Louis Farrakhan (right, with Jackson) called Coleman a "Judas." Many black reporters were angered by the Post's handling of the story.

Martin Benjamin/Black Star



their editors, black reporters covering Jackson have, on occasion, seen things very differently from their white colleagues on the campaign trail. Take, for example, this February 28 observation by Curtis Wilkie, a white political reporter for *The Boston Globe*: "In the frenetic world of the Jesse Jackson campaign, camaraderie developed between the candidate and black reporters that helped set the stage for Jackson's undoing in the 'Hymie' affair."

"Jackson was more comfortable dealing with black journalists, according to press sources, and enjoyed holding court with them."

The suggestion that this close relationship might have undercut black reporters' ability to cover Jackson infuriated those on the campaign trail. Several black journalists confronted Wilkie and voiced their indignation.

That was not the only instance of high tension between blacks and whites covering Jackson. Press-corps tempers flared openly during the thirteen-day period when Jackson was still denying that he had made the "Hymie" remark. Much of the conflict was sparked by suggestions of "camaraderie" and "a general feeling among white reporters that black reporters weren't tough enough in their questioning and in their writing," as Michael D'Antonio, a white reporter for *Newsday*, puts it. D'Antonio adds that, while blacks were charged with being soft on Jackson, "I didn't see any more boring in by the white reporters covering Senator Hart. One reporter from a Denver paper, Pat Yack, clearly had a special relationship with Hart: he was the hometown reporter."

Repeatedly, blacks, with much bitterness, cite the double standards. Some say the attacks from editors and colleagues reflect, at bottom, a determination to wrest from black reporters the most significant campaign story of the year.

"The media are by and large white; the important stories are all white," says Earl Caldwell, a New York *Daily News* columnist who has regularly traveled with Jackson's campaign. "Jesse was initially seen as a provocative sideshow — a show of the ghetto, by the ghetto, and for the ghetto. Therefore they were quick to put black reporters on this campaign. With the trip to Syria, Jesse

quickly raised the story above that level and all of a sudden you had these black reporters on a very good story — the best story of the political year.

"The complexion and the size of the press assigned to cover Jackson changed," Caldwell goes on to say. "It got whiter and larger. White reporters were volunteering to cover this campaign. And black reporters saw themselves fighting to hang on to this good story."



he coverage of Jackson changed after the "Hymie" comment, observes Nancy Skelton, a white who has done most of the Jackson coverage for the *Los Angeles Times*. "First, Jackson never had a chance of winning; he was a symbolic candidate awakening dormant black voters. In the beginning," says Skelton, "he got off easy. The media for a while didn't press him. He would toss out cost-estimate figures that weren't backed up. He didn't seem to have a full grasp of the facts."

"After the 'Hymie' quote, he lost his political innocence," Skelton continues. "He was treated as a regular candidate with the responsibility to tell the truth. He wasn't able any longer to get away with filibuster answers. The questions got sharper. He wasn't able to control the news conferences. The press didn't let up on him until he came around to the New Hampshire synagogue that Sunday."

In the early days, in Skelton's view, "the press in general treated him less seriously. Everybody was soft on him. There were a lot of knee-jerk stories saying that blacks were soft and whites harder, but they were stories written because the reporters had to get something in — they didn't much interview anybody."

Access, yes; scoops, no

The "soft treatment" allegedly accorded Jackson was said to be, in part, a quid pro quo for the special access that blacks reportedly enjoyed. The situation is more complex.

"Jackson was clearly comfortable with reporters who had covered him for a long time, especially those who covered him before he became a presidential

candidate. Almost all of those happened to have been black," D'Antonio of *Newsday* says. "Overall, there was a level of intimacy Jesse Jackson shared with some that he didn't share with interlopers, or white reporters, but that was more personal than professional."

Sometimes access granted to black reporters was used to gather revealing ambience and texture. In a profile of Jackson, Marilyn Milloy of *Newsday* wrote:

On this morning, while packing his bags in a Washington hotel room, Jackson talked in statesmanlike tones about his road to Damascus, his negotiations with Syrian President Hafez Assad, his shuttle from palace to hotel, the sticking points barring Goodman's release. His wife slept silently in an adjoining room; a campaign associate listened attentively.

Then as suddenly as if he were switching TV channels, he leaned forward and declared in a signifying idiom of the street, "I'm a baaad Nee-grow, ain't I?"

For that moment Jackson, once the high-school quarterback, was back in the locker room after throwing the winning touchdown, full of himself as "somebody."

Even the most capable white journalist probably could not have been in a position to report that glimpse of Jackson.

While acknowledging that they may enjoy special access to Jackson, however, veteran black reporters stress that they work diligently to remain impartial in their coverage. In a sense, Jackson helped, the reporters say, because few scoops accrued from this relationship. In fact, Jackson withheld them.

"Jesse co-opts reporters, white and black," says Paul Delaney, a black who is deputy national editor of *The New York Times*. "He develops a special relationship with black reporters, slapping hands, stroking their egos, saying 'Let's talk black' and all that. But I have covered him for years and never known him to give a scoop to a black reporter. Jesse goes to the reporter or the media outlet that can do him the most good." Most often that most influential reporter is not black.

Those who have been out on the trail cite two examples from the campaign. A week before announcing his candidacy officially, Jackson met with black reporters at the home of *Washington Post* columnist William Raspberry. He



Tannenbaum/Sygma

Accessible Jesse: "Accessibility is not the problem," says Bob Faw of CBS News. "It is what to do with what you get. He is so unique, so different, that we don't know how to play him."

led many of them to believe that they would be the first to be informed of his official announcement. "This scoop could have done wonders for a reporter's career," Delaney says.

Instead of first informing black reporters of his announcement, however, Jackson broke the story with Mike Wallace on *60 Minutes*, with its tens of millions of viewers.

"I understand why he announced on *60 Minutes*," says Jack White of *Time*. "But he didn't even announce with Ed Bradley."

"When it broke, we were all at home watching it on TV," recalls Sylvester Monroe of *Newsweek*, who attended the meeting and, like his colleagues, expected to be informed first. "I was as surprised as everyone else. Jesse Jackson doesn't give us anything. Some black reporters felt betrayed."

Another case in which black reporters say Jackson denied them a news break involved the candidate's financial statements. Some of the blacks covering Jackson had been pressing him to release the statements and his income-tax returns. Instead, he gave a key interview on the subject to two white reporters for *The Washington Post*, Rick Atkinson and Kevin Klose. "We pressed him for

disclosure," says Jack White. "He stalled us and gave the material to white reporters."

The pattern is not a new one, according to one black reporter who has covered Jackson on and off for more than a decade: "He tries to seduce black reporters by saying, 'Let's you and I share this dirty little secret.'" After years of covering him, the reporter has come to the conclusion that, at bottom, Jackson has "a great deal of contempt for black reporters."

That same reporter concluded that, while a few black journalists may have succumbed to the candidate's charm and clever manipulation, many others, all along, have been tougher.

Jack White, for instance, in a memorandum, had informed his desk at *Time* as early as December that Jackson had referred to Jews as "Hymie." White was never asked to pursue the comment.

Other black reporters have been at least as tough in their reporting on Jackson as their counterparts have been in their coverage of other presidential candidates. *Newsweek*'s Sylvester Monroe and George Curry, a black reporter with the *Chicago Tribune*, did much of the early, sharp reporting about the relationship between Jackson and Minister Far-

rakhan. Similarly, William Raspberry and Carl Rowan have provided bare-knuckled assessments of Jackson's candidacy. And Vernon Jarrett has, over the years, leveled a good deal of invective at Jackson in his *Sun-Times* columns.

In her *Newsday* profile, Milloy reported that Jarrett and other critics had portrayed Jackson as "a man whose acts are born almost totally out of his need to be out front, little out of a real concern for the people. Jarrett charges that he comes in, steals the show, and disappears, leaving little behind 'but a 15-second piece of rhetoric for the evening news.'"

The pressure on black reporters to use their special access to get scoops and break major stories is misplaced, some say. "Critical campaign stories are not broken by reporters on the bus," observes Jack White. "This again is unfair and a double standard."

Besides, despite editors' preconceptions, almost everyone agrees that Jackson grants considerable access to all reporters, black or white. "If blacks got more than I have, I don't know about it," says Nancy Skelton of the *Los Angeles Times*. "I have never felt frozen out."

Bob Faw, a white correspondent for



The other side of access: Jackson, shown here with Newsweek's Sylvester Monroe, may have granted special access to some veteran black reporters — but the big news most often went to white reporters.

CBS News, agrees: "He is the only presidential candidate who answers his own phone when you call him late at night. Accessibility is not the problem; it is what to do with what you get. Jackson is a novelty. He is so unique, so different, that we don't know how to play him. When he does make news, the producers say, 'Wait a minute. Is this news or is this a stunt?'"

"There is a double standard, but," Faw says, "race is not the key factor. You assume he's not going to win. We have never taken a critical look at his position. He is a historical figure."

Certainly the media have focused on Jackson more as a historical figure than as a serious presidential candidate. When there were eight candidates in the early stages, only Jackson was regularly singled out as the candidate with no chance of winning, which may have been as much an attempt to reassure white readers and viewers as a political projection. In any event, editors displayed little interest in Jackson's policy positions.

Says Jack White, "He's covered as a nuisance. Nobody cares if he wants to scrap half the aircraft carriers — it's not going to happen. It's a Catch-22."

Marvin Kalb's either-or question

Jesse Jackson's face on magazine covers dominated newsstands last fall, and his candidacy was to remain one of the few

dramatic features of the Democratic campaign. Black journalists who have covered Jackson praise editors for giving them such a choice assignment — while allowing that some probably did it for the wrong reasons. David R. Jones, the national editor of *The New York Times*, for instance, was quoted in an April 9 *Newsweek* story as saying that he had assigned a black to Jackson on the "hunch" that the candidate "might be more inclined to let his guard down."



As the primary campaign progressed, though, black reporters sometimes found themselves growing defensive in the complex racial realities that surround Jackson and his supporters. The most frequently cited instance was when Marvin Kalb, on *Meet the Press*, asked Jackson: "Are you a black man who happens to be an American running for the presidency — or are you an American who happens to be a black man running for the presidency?"

"No other candidate running for governor or mayor has ever had his patriotism questioned this way," comments *Newsweek's* Monroe. "Black men and women are sensitive to this kind of questioning."

The journalists had shared Jackson's predicament when, in the wake of the Coleman affair, they themselves were

repeatedly asked if they were reporters, or blacks, first. "I have never heard anybody asked if you are a white first or a presidential candidate or journalist," says Mervin Aubespin, president of the National Association of Black Journalists and a staff writer for the *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

To counter the possibility that journalists, white or black, may get too close to a candidate, some editors rotate their reporters. The *Chicago Tribune*, for instance, was using three reporters on Jackson, with George Curry, a black, drawing most of the coverage. "We have rotated them to maintain a sense of fairness," says *Tribune* national editor Ron Yates. "I don't know if being black helps with access to Jackson or not. But none of the white reporters have complained to me about access to Jackson."

Jackson's campaign has been as much a story about blacks coming to political maturity as it is about the candidate who seized the opportunity to capitalize on this development. Black reporters brought to the story a quite important familiarity with his main constituency. Many grew up in those churches and sang those hymns so seductive and so strange to white reporters. Some themselves protested in the 1960s, and some were already familiar with the Black Muslims' apocalyptic rhetoric, their scowl and their menace. Much of this was alien, intimidating even, to most white reporters.

"Jackson was endorsed by the black churches and the remnants of the black civil-rights organizations," observes Acel Moore of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. "White American journalists had little access or identity, and no real understanding, sensitivity, or appreciation of them. Any editor who surveyed his staff would likely be acting responsibly in assigning a black journalist to cover Jackson."

Says *Newsday's* D'Antonio: "When I joined the Jackson campaign for the first time, I was the only white. Then a rather inexperienced fellow from a newsweekly sought me out on a trip to Syracuse and said, 'Do you think we are going to be okay?' White people don't often find themselves in that situation. It was all new to us."

"Jackson was surrounded not by politicians, but ministers," D'Antonio goes

on to say. "It got to be overwhelming to spend so much time in churches, and these kinds of churches."

Jack White of *Time* observes: "In dealing with Jesse himself there is no special advantage in being black. I don't know of anyone who has gotten an advantage. He once told me in intimate detail about his childhood. Some time later I saw it word for word, written by a white journalist. Jesse is 'on' all the time, doing his little dance for the reporters."

But, White points out, "There is definitely a professional advantage to being black covering this campaign. I have spent my entire career covering black stories. I have a depth of familiarity and a better context than white reporters."

Mervin Aubespin of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* points up a crucial aspect, for black reporters, of the Jackson candidacy: "For the first time in our history we had a unique opportunity to cover a full presidential campaign."

"I was startled to learn," says Monroe of *Newsweek*, "that Earl Caldwell and other veteran black reporters had never covered a major presidential candidate." "The only time I was remotely involved in a presidential campaign was in 1968, in Chicago," says Caldwell, a journalist for twenty years who is now with the *New York Daily News*. "Mayor Daley's boys were cracking heads. I wasn't there to cover the presidential politics but to cover the action in the streets."

Except for the Jackson campaign, things have not much changed. "You hardly see a black reporter with the Hart and Mondale campaigns," says Jack White, who has regularly drawn assignments with the two white candidates.

Even now, some veteran black reporters on the campaign trail are starting to worry that newspaper editors and television producers, who have not given them a chance to cover other presidential candidates over the years, will try to downgrade or disregard the experience they have gained on this one.

"One of the great things about Jackson's candidacy is that it affords black reporters experience covering a major presidential candidate," *New York Times* editor Delaney says. "It certainly should be translatable into regular cam-

paign coverage experience. Whether it will or not remains to be seen. Black editors and reporters must push to make sure that it is."

A loyalty test for blacks?

Increasingly, black reporters covering Jackson, as well as those on the sidelines, are coming to see themselves at odds with their media organizations. They maintain that their organizations sometimes attempt to hold them to a pure brand of journalism that is preached but seldom practiced in, say, covering white presidential candidates. This hypocrisy is widespread, they say, and tends to discredit their performance, devalue Jackson's candidacy, and demean black voters, who overwhelmingly supported him in the primaries.

The sharpest media attack on blacks collectively was Marvin Kalb's absurd effort to get Jackson to declare his priority as either a black or a presidential candidate. The assumption clearly was that, unlike white presidential candidates, he must choose. It seemed an attempt to force Jackson either to reassure white Americans that he was *not* a black man politically, or to declare himself as *only* a black man politically.

In this, black reporters saw their own predicament. News organizations often

decide to hire, fire, and promote by subjecting candidates to essentially the same question that Kalb put to Jackson: "Are you a reporter who happens to be black or a black who happens to be a reporter?"

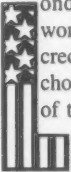
This question, as insidious as it is unanswerable, is more a loyalty oath than a job query. It threatens rejection unless the individual black severs those ties that bind him to all Afro-Americans through their historical situation as an oppressed people. It demands an artificial with-us-or-agin'-us relationship. In Jackson's case, Kalb tempted the presidential aspirant to campaign as an abstraction, to exercise his rights without benefit of a lucid consciousness of his identity as an American black.

This temptation to be inauthentic is one that black journalists are beginning to resist. In their meetings and in their conversations they are saying that they, like everyone else, must be allowed to practice the craft of journalism without denying their historical situation.

"This campaign has forced black reporters to use their experience and knowledge in appraising black leaders and the black community," says Jack White. "This was the sensitivity that we were supposed to bring to journalism in the first place." ■

COWBOY, KINGMAKER, BORN-AGAIN SQUARE: A VIEW FROM ABROAD

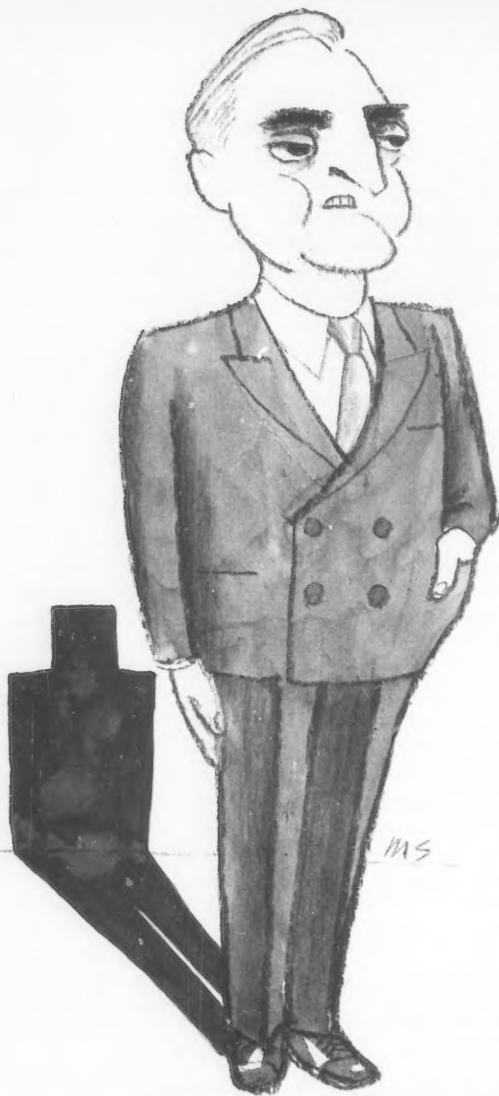
by WILLIAM BOOT

 London: Reports that BBC-TV is worried about its ratings were lent credence last April when a news anchorwoman, announcing the advent of the New York Democratic presidential primary, said she realized viewers might reply "Who cares?" She assured them that this particular vote was actually of some importance.

William Boot, a contributing editor of the Review and formerly the author of its Washington letter, now works in London.

The scene then shifted from the London studio to New York, where a big, bushy-haired BBC reporter brandished a large book of delegate-selection rules. These, he said, were well-nigh incomprehensible, but not to worry because the real challenge — at this point film appeared of men in dark suits and sunglasses with wires coming out of their ears — was to "spot the secret service agent." Watson, the game's afoot!

After briefly introducing candidates Mondale, Jackson, and Hart ("real



name: Hartpence”), and otherwise setting the stage, the reporter revealed that a good source of true, if rough-spoken, wisdom was the New York cabbie. He then climbed into a yellow cab, cameraman in tow, and asked the exceedingly youthful driver who would win the primary.

“Hart,” replied the lad with sardonic self-assurance. “Mondale’s a has-been and Jackson is a bigot, so he can’t even be elected dogcatcher.” End of story.

Misleading? Only if you want to make something of the fact that Mondale crushed Hart in New York and that Jackson, who did extraordinarily well there, went on to become the first black winner of a presidential primary.

Flippant? I hesitate to carp too loudly after surveying campaign reporting in fifteen French and British newspapers: BBC at least covered the primary. The Iowa caucuses which gave Mondale his initial spurt were, perhaps not surprisingly, ignored entirely by *Le Monde* and several major British dailies. Hart’s upset victory in New Hampshire got considerably more attention, but one of the most popular British newspapers, the *Daily Star* (circulation 1,375,000), overlooked it, while devoting generous space to a horse that became a movie star. Britain’s most widely read paper, *The Sun* (circulation 4,160,000), completely neglected the multi-primary March 13 showdown known as “Super Tuesday”

but did find room for an article headlined DOG IS SAVED BY KISS OF LIFE. The dog bit its savior.

Man kisses dog, dog bites man, but primary does not grab reader. If the intricate, six-month, fifty-state nomination struggle bores many Americans, it is utterly baffling to most Europeans: not only baffling but crazy (“a harum-scarum madhouse of overexcited politicians,” as the *Daily Mail* put it); not only mad, but interminable, rather like the remote war in Afghanistan.

What was a reporter to do? If his editors had not opted to ignore the story or to kiss it off as a joke (as in the BBC report), he had to find some way of drawing a reluctant reader’s eye. Correspondents for a few publications with relatively sophisticated readerships (e.g. *The Guardian*, *Le Monde*) struggled to give the most lucid account they could in the limited space available. Others, who had as few as ten paragraphs a week in which to cover the story, fell back on two time-tested techniques for bringing the truth to a free people: they oversimplified vigorously, and they reduced the issues to personalities and the personalities to caricatures.

Oversimplification, one of the key principles of journalism on the cheap, can be especially effective in relieving the tedium of otherwise monotonous events of uncertain importance (e.g., primaries) by asserting that each event in a series is unique and decisive. The technique relies heavily on the short memory of the public, so it is almost guaranteed to work.

Thus, in commenting on the impact of Mondale’s Iowa caucus triumph, the London *Daily Telegraph* said his victory in the New Hampshire primary “seem[s] certain.” *The Sunday Times* said the former vice-president had NO RIVALS IN SIGHT. (U.S. news organizations were reporting a surge of support for Hart at the time.) Hart’s dramatic New Hampshire upset did nothing to chasten the oversimplifiers. The *Daily Mail*’s man in Washington, Peter McKay, reported what he deemed “the bitter truth” about Mondale: “There is no chance now of [his] being foisted by party leaders on the American people as the challenger to Ronald Reagan in November.”

After Mondale rebounded dramatically and Jackson scored some big suc-

cesses, *The Sun*, in an article headlined THE BLACK KINGMAKER, reported: "In the end [Jackson] will be the power broker who decides whether Hart or Mondale wins." A wee bit premature?

France-Soir, a mass-circulation Paris daily, killed Hart off on May 7 — LE TEXAS FATAL À HART — and then conveniently ignored his revival in Ohio and Indiana the next day. Texas was, of course, no more fatal to Hart than were his defeats in New York and Pennsylvania — the campaign is a cumulative affair; but to admit this is to flout the principle of oversimplification. Only Xinhua, Peking's English-language news service, seemed content to acknowledge that events were inscrutable, as in a March 15 dispatch: "It is believed that the Mondale-Hart duel will become more strenuous and complicated in the coming weeks." Try to make a headline out of that.

The thrust of analysis by major U.S. news organizations was, of course, similar to the European coverage — the inexorable rise and fall and rise of Fritz Mondale, the growing "kingmaker" potential of Jackson — but was on the whole much more carefully qualified.

Focusing on personalities to keep the reader awake is a hoary tradition among American as well as European journalists: even reporters who studied history at Harvard or Tolstoy at Yale, and who know that Great Men do not make history, tend to report the news as if their president makes it single-handedly. But if personalities are more interesting to U.S. readers than underlying social or economic factors, personalities are vastly more interesting to foreign readers than news of U.S. caucus procedures and delegate counts. So it was that the campaign became a cavalcade of caricatures in many European publications.

To be sure, no Mondale personality cult emerged in Europe, but this might be because "Mondale's personality" (at least the public version) borders on a contradiction in terms — a fact which could explain the dearth of coverage of Iowa, when the bland Minnesotan was deemed the only serious player. *The Sun* sought on February 23 to pin some catchy labels on Mondale — "Born

Again Square," "Mr. Ditherer" (for having dropped out of the 1976 presidential race), and MONDALE: A WINNER OR A WALLY? (One dictionary defines "wally" as "a youth whose hair has a patent leather luster.") None of these labels seemed to catch on.

With what must have been a collective sigh of relief, the foreign correspondents leapt into the personality fray with the emergence of Hart as a serious contender. HART, LE COWBOY (*France-Soir*, May 7) was seen as a Marlboro Man, and Europeans are suckers for wild-west imagery: "cool, cowboy-booted Hart, 47, has come out of the west" (*Daily Mail*, March 15); STAMPEDE! A COWBOY'S SON GALLOPS IN TO HALT MONDALE (*Daily Express*, March 1).

Hart is handsome; and there was obvious mileage to be gotten out of that. *Le Monde* noted that he had been named among "le plus sexy" by a women's magazine; the *Telegraph*, in a thrust at demographic analysis, said he "has the kind of rugged good looks that appeal to women, who comprise 53 percent of the American population." *The Sun* said he "oozes charm, turning on a slow, easy smile that melts ladies' hearts." Jean Rook of the *Daily Express* ("the First Lady of Fleet Street") informed her estimated two million readers that the newly reconciled Mr. and Mrs. Hart were "celebrating their born-again passion in a double bed the size of Robert Wagner's."

Most promising of all for the Hart per-



CJR/Marc Smoot



CJR/Marc Simont

sonality cult was the opportunity he so graciously provided for comparisons with John F. Kennedy. European readers are as inexplicably hooked on the Kennedys as American readers are on the British royal family. Thus, in France and Britain, the Hart *qua* Kennedy story was rehearsed at such length and to the exclusion of so much else that many readers must have lost track of what was happening in the campaign.

The *Daily Mirror* (circulation 3,283,000) reported on March 1 that the Kennedy mantle fits Gary Hart so naturally that "his voice has the same tone, the same accent. . . . Listening to Hart on the radio many people believe it is a taping of JFK himself." And that was before Hart let reporters hear his Kennedy imitation! Not satisfied with an ersatz Kennedy, the *Mirror* was trying to make Hart into a real one. But when he faltered, the paper reverted to the gen-

uine article, Teddy, ignoring Hart's May 1 defeat in Tennessee but banner- ing: KENNEDY DUMPS HIS GIRL AT AIRPORT . . . FIND YOUR OWN WAY HOME, FLY- AWAY SENATOR TELLS ACTRESS.

After Hart suffered setbacks, most of the personality focus shifted to Jackson. To some extent this was legitimate, because Jackson was making history as the first black presidential candidate to win major influence, and because his evangelical appeal seemed bizarre in Europe. (With evident fascination, *Le Monde's* reporter Henri Pierre described a Harlem Baptist congregation chanting, "Jesse is the son of God, he's going to shoot the devil!") For awhile, though, Jackson seemed to become *the* campaign story. That was going overboard.

As with Hart, foreign reporters doctor- ed Jackson's image:

□ Jackson has inaugurated the "next phase [of] the civil rights phenomenon"

which stopped abruptly with the death of Martin Luther King in 1968 (the *London Standard*, April 2). Stopped?

□ In the years after King's death, Jackson's "efforts to lift the horizons of blacks . . . have been hugely successful. Today there are black mayors, black congressmen, and even black sheriffs in small southern towns" (*Sun*, April 5). All due to little old Jesse?

These two examples, although they contradict each other, both helped to prop up the foreign journalist's crude cardboard replica of Jackson — a man of phenomenal political potency, taking America utterly by storm.

Of course, not every reader is interested in that sort of drama. What, for instance, about the apolitical music lover? *The Times* sought to accommodate him on April 2 by reporting that a candidate's choice of theme music can be highly significant to the election. Thus: "Edward Kennedy's 1980 campaign improved greatly after he changed his signature tune . . . to the theme from 'Rocky.'" In other words, Hart's use of "Chariots of Fire" could have been an error on the scale of the 1972 Eagleton affair.

In all fairness, *The Times* generally acquitted itself well, as did *Figaro*, *Le Monde*, and *The Guardian*. They occasionally told the story with refreshing irony and wit. On the other hand, a false analogy between European and U.S. politics sometimes intruded. *Le Monde* and *The Times* made much of the fact that Mondale had strong backing not only from organized labor but also from "the party machine," which *Le Monde* said is manned by "les militants du parti." In fact, unlike European socialist parties, the Democrats have no national "party machine" of much moment. Candidates must create their own and find their own "militants." (Militants For Mondale?)

Over the past six months, Europeans have also been told: that Pennsylvania is a midwestern state, that the White House is located on Massachusetts Avenue, that Dartmouth College is in New York, and that Jesse Jackson is a United States senator. At this rate, Walter Mondale may soon become a black evangelical preacher — a transformation that would certainly increase overseas interest in his campaign. ■

Reader's Digest: Who's in charge?

A short history
of the recent
unpleasantness
at Pleasantville

by MIRIAM LACOB

A flurry of changes at *Reader's Digest*, including the firing in quick succession of editor-in-chief Edward T. Thompson and company president John A. O'Hara, followed by the death of Lila Acheson Wallace, widow of magazine founder DeWitt Wallace, has left magazine staff members wondering whether the charmed life of the sixty-two-year-old magazine can continue.

The first event to disturb the usually

Miriam Lacob, a New York-based writer, edits the newsletter of the Committee to Protect Journalists.

unruffled surface at the Reader's Digest Association's Pleasantville*, New York, headquarters was the announcement on March 23 of the "early retirement" of fifty-six-year-old Edward Thompson, whom DeWitt Wallace had hand-picked for the job just eight years before. On March 19, the editor-in-chief had been called into what he thought would be a meeting with the publisher, George V. Grune. Instead, he met with the five other trustees of Mrs. Wallace's voting stock (Thompson himself was a trustee), who informed him that under his stewardship the magazine had departed from the fundamental principles and policies of the founders and that his tenure at what he had described in January to a local newspaper reporter as

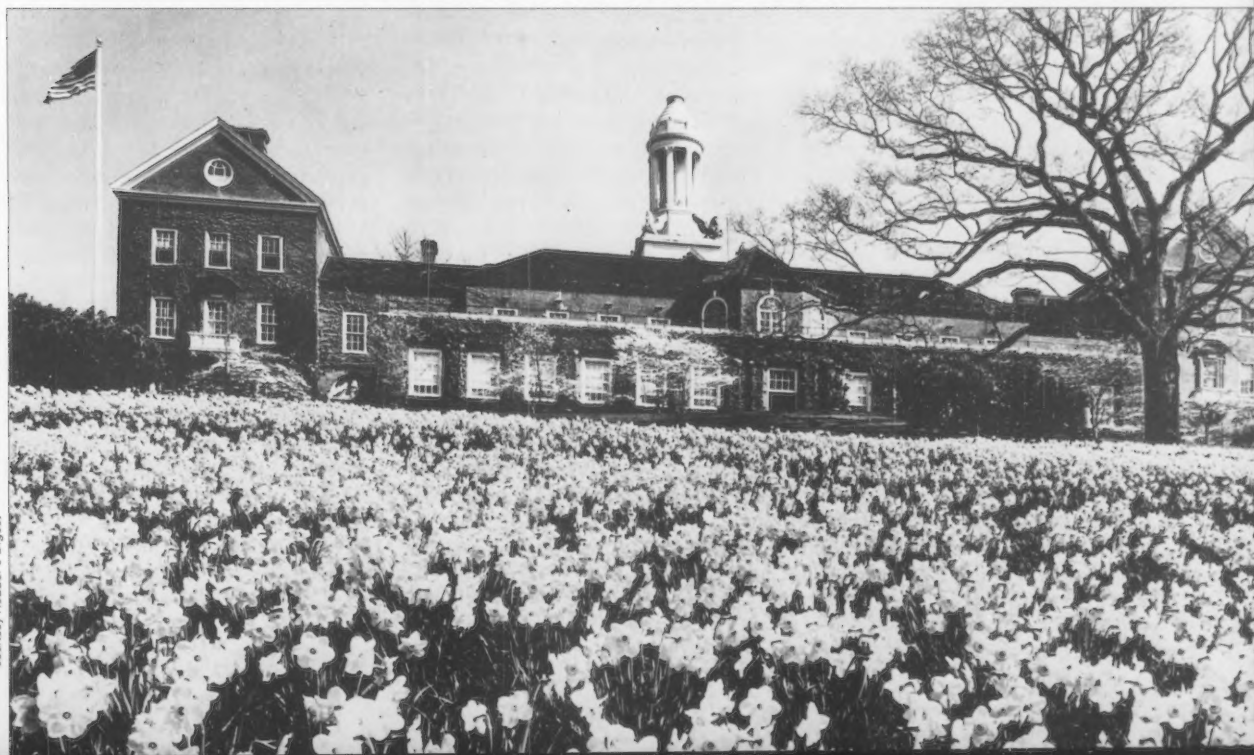
*When the *Digest* moved from New York City to Westchester County in 1923, it settled in Pleasantville. In 1939 it moved one town north to Chappaqua, but retained the services of the Pleasantville post office, in part because of the town's cheerful name.

"probably the best job in the world" was over.

Thompson was stunned. As editor-in-chief, he had regularly advised his editors to "go back and look at *Digests* in the past" for guidance; now, he offered to submit decades of *Digests* to an independent board for scrutiny to see if he had indeed moved away from the magic formula of self-help, human interest, and conservative politics that had made the *Digest* the largest-selling magazine in the world. But the die was cast; Thompson's retirement was announced and executive editor Kenneth O. Gilmore was immediately named as his successor.

The announcement surprised and troubled many *Digest* staff members, who say that Thompson was well-liked and respected on both the business and editorial sides of the organization. Of most concern, they say, was the choice of a new editor-in-chief by the business side, a precedent which many feared boded ill

A kind of Camelot: "As long as [Mrs. Wallace] was still alive, the magic was still there. Now it's all been turned upside down."



for the traditional preeminence of the editorial side.

On May 8, two more announcements jolted staff members. One was the news, at 10 A.M., of more top-management changes, including another "retirement," this time of company president O'Hara, a cigar-chomping Scot whose genial exterior reportedly hid a ruthless concern for the bottom line, and the formation of a new executive committee. Then, at 10:10 A.M., came the announcement of Mrs. Wallace's death at the age of ninety-four.

"We'd been in a kind of Camelot," says one staff member. "Yes, the king was dead [DeWitt Wallace died in March 1981 at the age of ninety-one], but the queen was still alive, and as long as she was still alive, even if she was old and frail, the magic was still there. Now it's all been turned upside down."

Corporate goings-on at the Reader's Digest Association, one of the largest privately held corporations in the country, are usually kept out of the public eye. Some details will emerge when the contents of the will of Mrs. Wallace, who owned all of the publishing combine's voting stock, are made public. Under the terms of her will, according to a company memorandum, that stock will pass to The DeWitt and Lila Wallace Trust, insuring that the association will continue to be a privately held company. In what may be a lengthy interregnum, such questions as who will control the trust and who was responsible for Thompson's ouster will necessarily be shrouded in mystery. One staff member says that "Dickens himself" could not have come up with a thicker plot.

To outside observers, the upheavals in the corporate boardroom reflect either a battle for the editorial direction of the magazine or some rather rough jockeying for control of an enormously profitable private corporation, or a combination of both. The association will not reveal its income, but a knowledgeable source says that the giant publishing company, which, in addition to selling more than 31 million copies of the magazine in seventeen languages monthly, also sells record collections, books, and audio equipment, took in \$1.25 billion in 1983.

Until Thompson was fired by the five

other trustees of Lila Wallace's voting stock, the existence of this powerful proxy group, set up by Mrs. Wallace shortly after the death of her husband, was not generally known. Its composition was revealed only with Thompson's firing. In March, it consisted of the since-ousted company president, O'Hara; the company's director of finance, William J. Cross; then editor-in-chief Thompson; philanthropist and resort owner Laurance S. Rockefeller; Harold Helm, a former chairman of Chemical Bank who is eighty-three years old; and Albert Cole, the eighty-nine-year-old former general manager of the company. (At Mrs. Wallace's death, however, all trustees over eighty were automatically dropped. Thus, as a June *New York Times* article noted, had O'Hara and Thompson not been ousted, they would have controlled half of the company's voting stock.)

The Thompson-era trustees, *Digest* insiders say, were distressed by the magazine's declining profitability. (According to the March 28 *Media Industry Newsletter*, the magazine had failed to come out of the recent recession and "the bottom line is not as good as management would like it.") And Thompson, according to these inside sources, was blamed for having failed to replicate the immensely successful editorial formula of founder DeWitt Wallace.

"They told me it was shrill, negative, and overly critical of the [Reagan] administration," Thompson says. "They said the magazine had lost its consciousness of things religious and of the positive things of life." Besides citing a dearth of "art of living" stories, and too many "monster" stories — like an April 1983 piece about a baby who was born without a face — the trustees, according to insiders in a position to know, specifically cited three political articles. One was a July 1983 piece by James Nathan Miller, a roving editor, that slammed the Reagan administration's gutting of the Environmental Protection Agency. "When industry's foxes were hired to guard the national chicken coop, no one — least of all the President — should have been surprised at what followed," read the kicker. Another was an article in the same issue by roving editor Irwin Ross, which criticized political action committees and called for



'They told me the *Digest* was shrill, negative, and overly critical of the Reagan administration'

election-spending limits. The third was an April 1984 article by columnist Carl T. Rowan, who has been a *Digest* roving editor for the past eighteen years. Titled "Mr. President, This Isn't Russia," the article strongly criticized the Reagan administration's Directive 84, which will gag government employees privy to sensitive information. It included a box that encouraged readers to write to the president urging him to "withdraw Directive 84 *completely* and to forget about ever implementing anything remotely resembling its most threatening sections." (Interestingly, the editor of this piece was Kenneth Gilmore, Thompson's successor as editor-in-chief.)

Insiders say that the article on PACs caused particular controversy in Pleasantville, and that the magazine's Washington bureau, many of whose staff members appear to be close to the Reagan administration, was especially irked. One bureau member, Kenneth Y. Tomlinson, who during Thompson's tenure had written articles like "We Can Clean Up the Welfare Mess" and "Can Public Employee Unions Be Controlled?", presently heads the Voice of America. (He is on leave from the *Digest*.) President Reagan, incidentally, has himself written an article for the *Digest*, "Unforgettable John Wayne," which appeared in the October 1979 issue; and three years later he cited a *Digest* piece by John Barron as "evidence" of Soviet infiltration of the nuclear freeze movement.

The PAC article was held over at least once and when it finally appeared it was accompanied by a boxed piece in de-

The switch: In March, editor-in-chief Edward Thompson (left) was asked to step down. Executive editor Kenneth Gilmore (below) replaced him.



both: courtesy Reader's Digest

fense of PACs written by Senator Steven D. Symms, a Republican from Idaho. The article, which cites the United Auto Workers' PAC as an example of undue influence but makes no mention of corporate PACs, can hardly be described as stridently liberal. However, the existence of a Reader's Digest PAC, founded in 1978, may have made the subject a touchy one. (In 1979-1980, the Digest Association's PAC gave a total of \$39,550 to five Democratic candidates and seventy-five Republican candidates, including Symms. In 1981-1982, the PAC gave only to Republicans.)

This was one of the few open controversies staffers recall. "It was very gutsy of the editor to sponsor the PAC article," recalls one staff member. "That was one of the things that was very special about Ed. The worst fear I have is that this has probably changed."

Staff members also suspect that the politically sensitive Washington bureau had some influence in the pulling of a condensed version of a book, written by roving editor Henry Hurt, about the assassination of John F. Kennedy. According to staff members, the book, which is apparently critical of the FBI, had already been touted in the Coming Attractions box of some copies of the June issue of the *Digest* when Gilmore pulled it as one of his first acts as editor-in-chief. (Gilmore, contacted by this writer, declined all comment, other than to say that he "wanted to get on with the job.")

Thompson himself denies that his selection of original and condensed articles represented any move away from

DeWitt Wallace's editorial policy. The only major change he admits to making in the magazine is visual — many more articles are illustrated. In an interview with the Mount Kisco *Patent Trader* in January, Thompson recalled telling one observer, "All kinds of people said, 'Gee, I can't wait to see how you're going to change it.' My answer was, 'If you see it change, I've gone too fast.'"

Indeed, a survey of seven years of *Reader's Digests* under the former editor reveals a selection of stories that could well have appeared in the magazine ten years ago. These include a plethora of superbly crafted tearjerkers that portray the harrowing but always eventually successful struggles of parents dealing with severely physically or emotionally handicapped children, or of people overcoming severe injuries by what appears to be sheer willpower. If the magazine does admit to intractably negative aspects of American life, as in a February 1984 article titled "Making Ends Meet," which reports that 15 percent of all Americans live below the poverty line, or a May 1984 article about the nation's homeless that says "solutions for their plight are not easily found," such admissions are invariably followed by suggested remedies that do not include government intervention. The February article, for example, suggests that people feeling the pinch should cut up their credit cards; the May piece on the homeless speaks glowingly of cheap, privately sponsored solutions. Nor does the magazine appear to have moved away from its conception of America as the defender of the free world against communism. Recent features have included an uncritical insider's account of the United States-led invasion of Grenada and a condensation of a book about a heroic American fighter pilot shot down in Vietnam. Thompson himself spoke proudly of the *Digest* being "out in front" in its investigations of terrorism and alleged KGB activities in Europe and elsewhere.

Nor have readers expressed dissatisfaction with the magazine. The "enthusiasm quotients" measured in readership surveys have been steadily rising since 1976, and the magazine's subscription-renewal rate stands at an impressive 70 percent.

These considerations have led some

observers to conclude that the political issue might just have been a smoke-screen for a more serious fight for control of the enormously wealthy private company. The magazine accounts for about one-third of the company's revenues; its financial importance lies in its name and its extensive subscription lists, which are used to great effect for the Digest Association's lucrative direct-mail efforts. Even with a mere .2 percent domestic circulation increase for last year, with its more than 31 million in sales worldwide the *Digest* far outstrips its nearest competitors. *TV Guide* has a national circulation of 17 million. *Time* magazine, the flagship publication of Henry Luce's publishing empire, has a worldwide circulation of a mere 6 million.

It may be that the voting trustees viewed Thompson as a potential rival in the struggle for control that was likely to follow Lila Wallace's death.

Meanwhile, staff members are waiting with some trepidation to see whether and how the magazine's editorial policy will change. Most say they were pleased by the latest management shift that ousted O'Hara and elevated publisher George V. Grune to chairman of the board and chief executive officer; put Richard F. McLoughlin, formerly director of new business and planning, into the newly created slot of vice chairman; and made former director of finance Cross president and chief operating officer. (With editor-in-chief Gilmore, the four make up the association's executive committee.) "They're nice, decent people. If they are the ones in charge, it's a very positive step for the magazine," says one staff member.

However, it is not entirely certain whether these four men will be the ones in charge. Whoever comes to control the voting stock will have that honor. Meanwhile, it remains to be seen whether, with the death of both monarchs, the Wallaces' magic kingdom will continue to flourish and reap huge profits.

Thompson, for one, is confident that the story, like so many stories that the *Digest* has carried, will have a happy ending. While he admits to being "grossly unhappy and angry" at the way he was treated, the *Digest* itself, he says, "is a great source of good." ■

Warning: CIA censors at work

by JACK HITT

A look at how the agency treats its old boys — and its critics

President Reagan's National Security Decision Directive 84, which is already spreading a mantle of censorship over hundreds of thousands of present and future federal employees, has not yet been fully applied. Few doubt, though, that if Reagan is reelected — and unless Congress intervenes — the order will be implemented in its entirety despite persuasive arguments that it violates the First Amendment. If this should happen, how will the directive be applied? How speedy — and how fair — will the process be? Some light may be shed on these questions by examining how the CIA has, for years, been censoring books and articles by its alumni. If the experience of ex-CIA employees who have been through the mill is any guide, censorship under Directive 84 is likely to be, at best, slow, cumbersome, and capriciously applied.

The CIA's review system dates back to 1947, when the agency, at the time of its founding, devised a secrecy pledge to fulfill its statutory obligation "to protect sources and methods." For years this lifetime promise not to reveal agency secrets was rather informally policed. According to former CIA Director Stansfield Turner, a book or article submitted for review was sent on for vetting to whatever office seemed appropriate.

At first, the agency's problems with writers were few and minor. Then, in the early 1970s, the review system was legally challenged by a writer and CIA alumnus named Victor Marchetti. The Supreme Court refused to hear the case, however, tacitly concurring in a lower-court ruling that complete prior restraint of a former intelligence officer was no

violation of the First Amendment.

Informal review continued for a while longer, but by 1977 so many former employees were writing about the CIA that Turner, who then headed the agency, decided to tidy up the process. He established a seven-member board, now known as the Publications Review Board, to take over the censorship job. Soon the CIA was again in court, this time defending itself against a former agent named Frank Snepp. Snepp, who had written a book about the evacuation of Saigon called *Decent Interval*, argued that his book contained no classified information — a point the CIA conceded — and that the secrecy agreement he had signed was not binding. The Supreme Court not only differed, but punished Snepp by assigning all his book-related earnings to the CIA.

The difficulties that writers have run into with the review board can be illustrated by the experience of Ralph McGehee. Disillusioned after twenty-five years with the agency, McGehee decided to write a book setting forth some of his criticisms. Under CIA procedure, he was not at liberty to consult a literary agent or a publisher until his manuscript had been passed by the CIA, and so he had to set to work on the book with no professional guidance. In February 1980 he submitted a draft to the PRB. The board initially found 397 "problems," and the CIA appointed a man whom the agency will identify only as "Bob" to work with McGehee. When the two men met, McGehee recalls, Bob greeted him

by saying, "It's too bad you didn't work for the Israeli intelligence service. They know how to deal with people like you. They'd take you out and shoot you."

The two men clashed almost at once over the issue of when classified information can be deemed to have passed into the public domain. McGehee's book drew heavily on his experience during the six years he spent as a CIA officer in Thailand in the 1960s and early 1970s, and one key chapter focused on joint operations conducted by the CIA and the Thai government — operations which the CIA argued were still secret. Faced with the alternative of throwing out the chapter — and of seriously damaging the rest of the book — McGehee set out to prove that the CIA-Thai collaboration had long since become public.

In the version of the Pentagon Papers published by *The New York Times*, he found a memorandum discussing the specifics of that collaboration at some length. But Bob told McGehee that this was not good enough, since the official Defense Department version of the papers did not include the memo. McGehee eventually found the memo in a paperback edition of the Pentagon Papers edited by Senator Mike Gravel of Alaska. Even this did not satisfy Bob, who said that only someone in the executive branch, not a member of Congress, could legitimately declassify information. McGehee then produced newspaper clippings describing the CIA-Thai collaboration, and citing CIA sources. This wouldn't do either, Bob



Jack Hitt is a free-lance writer who lives in New York.

Following is an excerpt from a speech delivered by Mobil President William P. Tavoulareas at the company's annual meeting in Los Angeles on May 10.

One of the greatest weaknesses of our democratic system is the difficulty of attracting and holding the best of our citizens in positions of public trust and responsibility. One of the reasons for this difficulty is the propensity of the media to misrepresent the actions and motives of such people.

To understand the controversy surrounding most of the present libel cases involving so-called "famous" people, one must understand that the libel laws, for most of our history, placed responsibility and liability on the media if a story was defamatory, untrue, and caused damage. The burden of proving truth was on the author. In 1964, the Warren court decided that a "public official"—and later broadened to include a "public figure"—had a new, unprecedented burden. He had to prove the author either knew the story to be false or wrote it in reckless disregard as to whether or not it was false. Lawyers and judges call this the "actual malice" doctrine.

These Supreme Court rulings meant that the press could print lies about our leaders and remain free from any liability—unless the public person could prove in a court of law that the writers acted with "actual malice." No other free society has such a law and neither did we before the 1964 court's ruling. (The United Kingdom considered such a law and rejected it.)

The media argue that they must have this protection to survive, a right they say is protected by the "Freedom of the Press" portion of the First Amendment. They argue that this amendment was meant to protect them so that they will be free to inform the public, which has a right to know.

But what about the right of the individual? If the story was a lie and did him harm—does he have any rights? Virtually none, says the press.

Certainly a free press is a cornerstone to an informed and free democratic society. The First Amendment surely guarantees people the right to know the truth. So, if the press were arguing that they were being prohibited from printing the truth, they would have a legitimate complaint; but for the press to argue hysterically that they have a right to print lies, especially about our leaders—with impunity—is ludicrous and unacceptable.

The press (like any other segment of society) must be held accountable if the lies they print harm an individual's reputation. What else is left in

this society if an honorable man's reputation is destroyed in the name of another's freedom?

To me the solution is quite simple. We should return to the laws which were in effect in this country before 1964 and which are in effect in all the principal civilized countries of the world.

Yes, the public has a right to know, but they have a right to know the truth. Those who wrote the Constitution couldn't have intended to protect those who print lies, all in the name of freedom. How long can we get the best people to lead if the press is free to print lies about them? How long will the public support a free press if it is allowed to lie with virtual immunity?

One could hope that the Supreme Court would reconsider its 1964 decision.

If, however, the Supreme Court decides to retain the requirement that "actual malice" be proven as a prerequisite to an award of damages to an injured party, then it seems to me that, at a minimum, a media defendant that has printed an untrue story should be required to print a retraction and/or correction and to pay the injured party's legal fees, even if the defendant did not act with "actual malice."

This would, in effect, give a public figure who has been libeled a choice of remedies. He could ask for compensatory (and perhaps punitive) damages, but if he does, he would have the burden of proving actual malice. If he doesn't want to bear that burden, he could seek a lesser remedy: legal fees and a satisfactory retraction. Moreover, the media defendant would be able to limit its costs in a given case by printing this satisfactory retraction at an early point to stop the running of the plaintiff's legal fees. And, of course, the plaintiff would receive nothing unless he could prove that the statement was libelous and that he suffered damage thereby.

It is hard to see how a requirement for correcting or retracting a false or inaccurate story can "chill" press freedom. It certainly will increase the public's access to reliable and accurate information. This approach would also place in the hands of the offending party—the media—the ability to insulate themselves from burdensome legal fees and possible heavy damage payments. The quicker they corrected the record, the smaller the legal fees. It seems to me everyone would stand to gain by this approach—the public, the media, and the injured party.

Mobil

said, since the sources were not named. McGehee next came up with a clipping containing a reference to the joint operation by William Kinter, a former U.S. ambassador to Thailand. This time, Bob objected because the quotation was indirect. At length, after McGehee had found a clipping with a relevant direct quotation, the CIA gave in. Three years — and one new draft — later, *Deadly Deceits* was in the bookstores.

Not all former CIA officials who have tangled with the review board have been so persevering. In 1978, Philip Liechty was fired by the CIA after he had, by his own account, tried to alert top management to widespread corruption in the agency. He decided to write a book, but after more than a year of negotiating with the board he gave up. The manuscript of his book rests in a box in a back room of his house.

Some ex-CIA agents and officials approve in principle of CIA censorship but object to the way it is currently practiced. They include former director Stansfield Turner. Turner does not think the board is vindictive, just over-zealous and perhaps a bit over-anxious. For example, a recent article that he submitted included a short passage about covert aid to the Nicaraguan "contras." The review board wanted to delete the passage on the ground that such aid is officially classified. Even though Turner argued that the covert aid is openly debated in Congress and that it began *after* he left the agency, the CIA insisted that he tone down what he planned to say.

By and large, though, Turner says he is happy with the PRB's treatment of the op-ed pieces he writes. The treatment of his current book-in-progress is another story. Turner says he and the board regularly argue in circles about items that he considers clearly in the public domain. One such item was a mention of a Soviet communications intelligence facility in Lourdes, Cuba. The board backed down only after Turner produced an aerial photograph of a military installation published in *The New York Times* of March 24, 1983. The photo was labeled: "Soviet Communications Intelligence Facility — Lourdes, Cuba." On some items, for which Turner has given Jimmy Carter's memoirs as his source, the board has refused to budge, claiming that by repeating the items Turner is

lending them "additional credence."

While the CIA is hard on critics, it seems to allow some of its friends to skip the review process entirely. One such friend is William F. Buckley, who served the agency for nine months in Mexico in the early 1950s. In a *New Yorker* article in January 1983, Buckley described a meeting with Frank Snepp. When Snepp asked why he had to submit his writing to the CIA while Buckley did not, Buckley replied that the distinction was simple: Buckley's spy stories are "imagined," while Snepp's works "disclose events . . . that enmesh dozens of people and arguably reveal CIA habits."

Yet "imagined" stories — i.e., works of fiction — are regularly read by the CIA censors. In 1983, a former official — and staunch supporter — of the CIA, who writes under the pen name Philip Eliot, published a book called *Serpent on the Hill*. He says that his book — all "imagined" — was butchered by the review board. The censors went so far as mysteriously to delete the word "chip" in a sentence referring to micro-circuits.

In his *New Yorker* article, Buckley explained that Howard Hunt, also a spy novelist, had been told by the CIA that he need no longer submit his work for review. Hunt, Buckley wrote, was "on [his] honor" not to spill any national security secrets. This is perhaps the most singular exception of all, considering that the Watergate investigation might never have led to the White House had it not been for Hunt's promiscuity in handing out his private White House phone number. Given such a record of carelessness, one would think that Hunt's spy novels would be combed for leaks. But they are not. "You may call it looking the other way," says Charles Wilson, chairman of the Publications Review Board. "I call it living in the real world."

The real world contains other ironies. Another agency alumnus who no longer bothers about submissions is Victor Marchetti, the censorship system's first challenger. "I think I have started to emerge in their eyes as the loyal opposition," he says.

Wilson reacts vigorously to criticism of his review board. The board is inter-

ested only in material "that deals with intelligence items," he says, pointing out that in 1983, out of a total of 274 manuscripts, ranging from op-ed articles to books, 185 were cleared without a single change. Wilson bristles at charges of favoritism. "I like to brag about our impartiality," he says. "We treat former directors and former Ralph McGehees just alike." Still, the instinct for institutional self-protection is at work and some critics are seen as nothing more than traitors.

While I was researching this article, for example, the executive director of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers, John K. Greaney, graciously provided telephone numbers of former agents. So long as the names I read off to him were "friendly" officials, he readily divulged the numbers. But then the name John Stockwell was mentioned. Stockwell is the author of a critical book about the agency and had a tough go with the board. "Oh, you don't want to talk to that son of a bitch," Greaney said. "He went sour, went around the bend. Like McGehee."

There can be little doubt, either, that the agency has a double standard when it comes to who gets censored. In 1974, one of the CIA's loudest cheerleaders, a retired agent named Miles Copeland, published a book titled *Without Cloak or Dagger*. Copeland not only bypassed the censor, he bragged about doing so, and about his unilateral declassification of top-secret material. Copeland ran into no trouble as a result of the publication of his book, which came out at the very time Marchetti was unsuccessfully trying to prove that the sentence "The agency's closest ally is British intelligence" was not top secret.

However frustrating the current system of CIA censorship may be, the president has recently handed the agency a weapon likely to make life even more difficult for its critics. Executive order 12356, issued in 1982, allows intelligence agencies to reclassify "retrievable" information that has become public. In the view of the CIA's critics, this allows the agency to look at a book and declare anything that it regards as "sensitive" to be classified. Even if the writer can show that his facts are all in the public domain, the CIA can reply, "Not anymore." ■

Is CBS going gee-whiz?

Was this spring's *American Parade* a ghastly portent of things to come? At Ed Murrow's network?

by MICHAEL MASSING

Imagine splicing together enough of Charles Kuralt's *On The Road* segments to make an hour's worth. Imagine watching one report after another on such likely Kuraltian characters as one-legged skydivers, saintly parking-lot attendants, plumbers who love Balzac, and small-town scolds with hearts of gold. Add a lot of bunting, music by Charles Ives, and a studio full of flashing TV sets, and you've got *The American Parade*.

Or so it was until early May, when, after a mere seven broadcasts, CBS conceded that the lavishly produced, heavily promoted, controversial *Parade* needed an overhaul. The show was jerked off the air for six weeks to give its new production team a chance to salvage it. The reworked version was scheduled to return in late June.

Can the show make it? The answer

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will probably influence the way that CBS and even its competitors treat public affairs programming in the future. To assess *Parade*'s chances, it is necessary to perform an autopsy on the show's initial run, and this in turn reveals much about the current thinking at CBS. For *Amer-*

THE ELECTRONIC BEAT

ican Parade clearly represents the network's efforts to find a new format for its non-entertainment programming.

The CBS experiment rests on certain premises shared by all three networks. One is that the traditional hour-long documentary is in a state of marked decline. ABC and NBC, as well as CBS, have, over the years, cut back sharply on the amount of time they devote to documentaries. This reflects, in part, a radical shift in popular viewing habits. As the networks see it, with cable, home video, MTV, *Live at Five*, and six-part series

on the singles scene, Americans now take their visual pleasure in fast, flickering bursts. Programs like *Entertainment Tonight* have pointed the way to success by blending information and entertainment in slick, easily digestible packages. In addition, there's a lot more news to choose from. With three hours of talk in the mornings, extended local news, *Nightline*, *MacNeil-Lehrer*, Cable News Network, and Independent Network News, can viewers still be expected to sit still for an hour's examination of peasant revolt in Guatemala or Medicaid fraud in California?

Another factor, of course, is the growing preoccupation with ratings in the network news business. The impact of this shift has been especially sharp at CBS. Until quite recently, documentary producers there went about their work without much concern for ratings; prestige and public responsibility were all that mattered.



Patriotic parade: *Old Glory* and Charles Kuralt, along with the Statue of Liberty and tributes to Lewis and Clark, were star attractions of *American Parade* before CBS marched it off-screen last May for retooling.

After all, CBS is where Edward R. Murrow created the TV documentary. CBS Reports, the central documentary unit, long occupied an honored place at the network, and its productions set a standard for the entire industry. But all of that has changed in the last two or three years. With Walter Cronkite's retirement from the *CBS Evening News*, the network found its preeminence in news challenged for the first time. Boone Aledge was building ABC News into a formidable competitor, and CBS found some of its top correspondents attracted away by high salary offers. Whoever won the race for number one in news stood to reap huge profits.

To stave off the competition, management in 1982 named Van Gordon Sauter to head CBS News. Sauter, who had previously worked as, among other things, a *Chicago Sun-Times* reporter, the general manager of a local TV station, chief CBS "censor," and president of CBS Sports, did not appear to share his predecessors' emotional commitment to documentaries. His enthusiasm could not have been much heightened when, soon after taking over, he had to contend with the uproar generated by *People Like Us*, Bill Moyers's damning look at the Reagan budget cuts, and, of course, the Westmoreland affair. It was not long before CBS Reports found itself a backwater. That, however, gave rise to a new problem: What to do with all of those talented, restless producers?

At the same time, *60 Minutes* was beginning to show signs of age. Last fall marked the start of the show's sixteenth season and, while the program continues to be wildly profitable, its once innovative format looks increasingly tired. As one producer close to *American Parade* says, CBS "sees that *60 Minutes* is eventually going to run its course. It can't go on forever. And they don't have anything to replace it." So planning began last fall on a new hour-long program.

At once, a struggle developed for the soul of the new show. One contender was Bill Moyers. Though heir to the Murrow tradition, Moyers was not wed to the hour format. He was fresh off his summer series, *Our Times*, a half-hour program dealing with a single subject each week. The show, which ran back-to-back with *On The Road With Charles*



Elephantine humor: This typical *Parade* segment featured a kindly Oregon elephant-keeper who, in Charles Kuralt's words, "has two children of his own, and then he has thirteen who don't look a bit like him."

Kuralt, won critical acclaim. Its ratings weren't bad, either, for a news program, averaging a 20 share, and Moyers and his loyal following pushed for renewal of *Our Times* during the regular season.

Management was not persuaded. Executives reportedly complained that *Our Times*'s ratings were not really very good, considering that it had only had to compete with summer reruns. They wanted to retain Moyers, but as part of an hour show that would have strong grabbing power, something that viewers would find warm and uplifting. So the two summer series were killed and *American Parade* was born. Kuralt was named to host the show and Robert "Shad" Northshield to be its senior executive producer. Northshield had most recently made his mark at *Sunday Morning* with tasteful, leisurely features and he could be expected to do the same at *Parade*. Moyers decided he wanted no part of the show, choosing instead to devote himself to his *Evening News* commentaries.

As *Parade* took shape, it borrowed certain elements from the *60 Minutes* magazine format, but added many of its own. Pieces would vary greatly in length: major features would last twenty minutes or more, while others would go three, five, eight, or however many minutes the subject warranted. There would be humor (Art Buchwald was signed up), celebrity interviews, historical

flashbacks, and anything else that might catch the producers' fancy. *Parade* would showcase star correspondents, including Bill Kurtis, Diane Sawyer, and, above all, Charles Kuralt, who would lend his inimitable *On The Road* touch. And it would all be beamed out of a classy studio made up of 115 TV sets programmed to show a composite picture of the American flag.

When *American Parade* finally made its debut, on March 27, it became clear that the program was indeed different. The network that had given us *Harvest of Shame*, *The Selling of the Pentagon*, and *The Defense of the United States* now seemed to be serving up a glorified version of *P. M. Magazine*, Group W's nationally syndicated potpourri of puff. "Americans have been parading for a long time," Kuralt told us at the top of the first show, "and the parade goes on." But only certain types of Americans seemed invited. Excluded were migrant workers, whistle-blowers, black teenagers, bankrupt farmers, coal miners, and the unemployed. The rest of us were welcome to march along with such *Parade* personalities as:

□ Roger Henneous, an Oregon zoo-keeper who has charge of the largest herd of breeding elephants in the world! "He has two children of his own, and then he has thirteen who don't look a bit like him," chortles Kuralt as a pack of pachyderms strolls by. Henneous is "fa-

ther to a bunch of rambunctious kids," to whom he also plays "cupid and traffic cop, and camp counselor." We learn that Henneous's real love is named Rose and that he "comes close to sort of choking up" when speaking of her.

□ The boys on the U.S.S. Guam! Hailing from Tampa to Tacoma, these Marines are just regular guys, as they reveal under the incisive questioning of correspondent Andy Rooney. "You like the Marines?" ("I love the Marines.") "Do many fellows feel . . . a kind of patriotism?" ("A lot of people I know do.") At the end Rooney confides to us, a slight catch in his voice, "I didn't come on board the Guam in search of an uplifting, patriotic, American story; I came as a reporter to find out what life was like, and got lucky."

□ Lowell Davis, a retired Missourian who keeps a book listing the names of every person he's ever met! Aunts, uncles, childhood friends, even the fellow who lent his bicycle to everyone in the neighborhood — all 3,587 of them are here. The last? Why, none other than Charles Kuralt himself.

This is not to say that *Parade* had no good moments during its initial run. One of the best, featured on the very first show, sensitively explored persistent reports that Muhammad Ali is punch-drunk. In the segment, Ali remarks that he has absorbed some 175,000 punches during his long career, and there are suggestions that the pounding may have taken a toll. But, as correspondent Bill Kurtis accompanies Ali on his daily rounds, we see that the Louisville Lip's apparent sluggishness actually reflects the quiescent, semi-religious life-style he has adopted in recent years. In more public moments, Ali can still show the old fire, as we learn during a brilliant scene in which Ali pays a promotional visit to a training camp. He agrees to go a few rounds with a boxer who is present and begins sparring with him playfully. Before long, however, his opponent is punching in earnest, and Ali, his anger slowly rising, starts pounding back. By the end, the aging, overweight champ is stinging like the bee of old.

It all made for good viewing. Unfortunately, the success of the Ali segment was rarely equaled in subsequent weeks. The piece lasted almost twenty minutes, and CBS executives were concerned that

its length would turn viewers off. Long pieces also limited the amount of time Kuralt, the star, could appear on screen. So a meeting was called and *Parade* producers were instructed to keep pieces shorter in the future. Staff morale, already low because of the show's fluffy quality, plunged further. More serious, the new edict meant that subsequent installments, lacking a major piece to anchor them, seemed random and without focus.

The most troubling thing about *American Parade*, however, was its insistent patriotism. Sometimes this took the form of gee-whizzing self-congratulation, as in repeated references to the Statue of Liberty (that "great beacon"), video salutes to the flag, and snatches of "My Country 'tis of Thee." Every week, a segment known as "American Almanac" paid hushed tribute to Lexington, Concord, Lewis and Clark, and other hallowed names of this good land. As one producer put it, "Charles Wick couldn't have done a better job."

He certainly would have been hard-pressed to top such pieces as "Of Duty and Honor," a profile of a young Vietnamese woman who fled Vietnam and came to the United States, eventually becoming a cadet at West Point. The piece burst with clichés. The cadet sings in church; the cadet tips her cap to a statue of Eisenhower. She is "battle-hardened, yet soft and idealistic," her chief goal being to do something for America. At one point, correspondent Morton Dean goes so far as to ask, "Do you dream of leading an invasion of your country?" Fortunately, the woman brings Dean back to earth, answering, "I like to stick with a realistic goal."

Welling over with complacency, the preachy *Parade* managed to do to patriotism what it did to everything else: trivialize it. Its relentlessly upbeat view of society seemed more appropriate to television behind the Iron Curtain than to one of America's proudest, most honored news organizations. How could things have come to such a pass? It almost seems that, subconsciously at least, *Parade* was CBS's way of doing penance for its attack on General Westmoreland. Bursting with nationalistic pride, the show seemed a vehicle for

showing that CBS was getting back on board.

Most Americans did not go for it. The series' audience share began low and stayed there. By late April, management had had enough. Northshield was sent back to *Sunday Morning*, his place taken by Andrew Lack, who had been executive producer of *Our Times*. With that change Moyers agreed to join the show, and he is now scheduled to contribute at least one long piece a week. Lack has a reputation as a skilled packager who is nonetheless committed to substance. The new show, he says, "will bear little resemblance to the old one, except for Kuralt." Above all, Lack promises to give the revised *Parade* a harder edge. His efforts were to be on view beginning June 27.

The early failure of *American Parade* represents a rare setback for the network's management and its apparent notion that soft is what sells. As one middle-level CBS executive grumbles, "The conviction here is that, to succeed, you can't do serious journalism. Obviously, it didn't work. Fortunately, the effort now is to try and be serious." Moyers, Lack, and CBS's many highly capable producers have a chance to show that quality can succeed. In the best of all possible worlds, *Parade* would force CBS executives to reassess their *Real People* philosophy of public affairs programming.

However, *Parade* has not yet been renewed for the fall. The network says that if the program fares well over the rest of the summer, it will return in January. But the original *Parade* missed so badly, was such a miscalculation, that one really has to wonder. Will a network that wooed us with elephant-keepers and mindless patriotism give the new show a real shot?

As *American Parade* illustrates, the battlelines at network television have shifted. The battle over the hour-long documentary has largely been fought; the hour remains, but only as a shell of its former self. Even traditionalists now recognize that longer is not necessarily better. A more fundamental point is at stake: Should public affairs programs be hard or soft? Which is it going to be? Bill Moyers reporting on growing dissent in the Philippines? Or Andy Rooney flying over America in a helicopter? ■

BOOKS

The deceivers

A Matter of Honor: General William C. Westmoreland Versus CBS

by Don Kowet
Macmillan. 317 pp. \$16.95

by WALTER GOODMAN

Attention, please. Don Kowet was the co-author, with Sally Bedell Smith, of a *TV Guide* exposé of a CBS television exposé of an alleged conspiracy by the United States military in 1968 to underestimate the numbers of enemy troops in Vietnam. Now, in this elaboration of his 1982 magazine article, Kowet has managed to commit the same journalistic misdemeanors for which he faulted the producer of *The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception*.

Any reader of *A Matter of Honor* who skips the dust jacket and a footnote in the book's "Prologue" may be surprised to learn that Kowet had a hand in the *TV Guide* article, which was called "Anatomy of a Smear." For he adopts the third person in references to his *TV Guide* persona, presenting himself as a disinterested observer of his own work. He reports: "TV Guide initiated its investigation of the CBS broadcast early in February. Over the next two months the pair of writers interviewed. . . ." And so on. That's Don Kowet talking about Don Kowet.

Once his article appeared and was criticized by CBS, Kowet willy-nilly became a party to the dispute, so he has an adversarial role here that he never acknowledges. It's all a bit peculiar.

Just as the CBS show found its villain in General William C. Westmoreland, the commander of the U.S. forces in Vietnam, so Kowet finds his in George Crile, the show's producer, who is

charged, as the general was charged, with manipulating evidence, selecting items that supported his preferred thesis and discarding facts or opinions that got in the way of it, and so misleading the nation. This sort of focus on an individual culprit provided a dramatic center for the Crile show and now provides one for the Kowet story; in both cases, the lure of the drama was apparently too heady to resist.

Crile, who has been consigned to limbo by his network, relied heavily on a single source, a disaffected CIA analyst named Sam Adams. "The purpose of this CBS 'investigation' from the start," Kowet charges in one of many thumping expressions of judgment, "was to confirm Sam Adams's interpretation of events. The penalty for contradicting Adams was immediate disqualification as a CBS witness or the guarantee, at least, that those confounding statements would not reach viewers' ears."

Kowet, for his part, relies heavily on a disaffected CBS film editor named Ira Klein. Just as Adams supplied Crile with evidence of hanky-panky regarding intelligence estimates of enemy troops, so Klein supplied Kowet with evidence of hanky-panky in the putting together of the TV show. Kowet never comes out and tells the reader that much of the story he is reading comes from Klein and that much of it is disputed by those who worked with him at CBS.

Since General Westmoreland is now suing the network for \$120 million, the issue remains alive, and this book could have significance beyond the airy issue of journalistic ethics. CBS has sent out a packet of letters from employees mentioned in the Kowet book; all charge that their roles were misrepresented, their words misquoted. The letters, one of the writers told me, were "coordinated." A few weeks ago, Kowet surrendered his tape recordings of television interviews

with CBS executives to General Westmoreland's lawyers, apparently out of pique with CBS for attacking his book.

The premise of the television show, as producer Crile reportedly laid it out for editor Klein, ran as follows: "Lyndon Johnson needed good news with an election upcoming in 1968; loyal to his commander-in-chief, Westmoreland was corrupted by political pressure into suppressing the true size of the enemy. What was Westmoreland's motive? By proving that there was 'light at the end of the tunnel,' Westmoreland could help reelect a president whose support he could count on in his prosecution of the war in Vietnam."

Even if one is able to suspend disbelief at the notion of a military commander publicly underestimating the strength of his foe, the existence of a plot remains problematic. That there was disagreement within what is kindly called the intelligence community over how to count enemy forces is clear. At issue was whether to include in the estimates loosely organized, sporadically effective irregulars, who went into battle now and then, here and there, and didn't have much in the way of arms or equipment. Did the decision to play down their number in the final estimates warrant the characterization "conspiracy" that CBS laid on it? Was General Westmoreland purposely misleading us all, as charged? The producer, Kowet shows, wanted or needed to believe the worst; that is the case he was bent on making and he was not about to let other considerations get in the way.

In developing his documentary, Crile was emulating the technique of the most successful CBS public affairs show ever, *60 Minutes*, which each week gives the nation a mini-morality play or two — good guys and bad, a shoot-out at the CBS corral. It is an undeniably effective kind of television and has in a number of cases, especially where its protagon-

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Olita Day

Kowet's villain: producer George Crile, in a CBS editing room

Crile's villain: General William C. Westmoreland, on screen in *The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception*



nists were victims of corporate greed or official abuse of power, helped the forces of light to triumph.

When a story is not working for a producer in this sort of creative journalism, he may feel under pressure to reach a bit farther than he should for dramatic impact. That may mean doing an injustice to some aspect of the story or to some person involved in it. The producer may be tempted to play down an inconvenient fact or play up a dubious allegation; he may arrange his questions and answers for maximum effect rather than maximum fairness; he may use his camera and lights for or against a witness. It is a tricky business that requires considerable restraint and a high degree of professionalism. Although some of the techniques resorted to by *60 Minutes* continue to make journalists accustomed to the rigors of print cringe, or sigh in envy, my impression is that, despite instances when the program has tried a bit too hard for effect, it has done a creditable job within a limited range.

But *The Uncounted Enemy* turned out to be beyond that range. The facts were ambiguous, open to varying interpretation. Were the intentions of the military politically inspired, as Sam Adams contended, or were there more benign explanations? Indeed, was the matter all that important? Was it important enough for a television special? In the whole terrible story of our exper-

ience in Vietnam, how consequential were these troop estimates? For his show to have punch, Crile had to operate in the faith that it was of the utmost importance. Otherwise, how was he to get the go-ahead of the moneymen at the network?

The strength of the *TV Guide* story lay in its description of how the documentary was put together — and that is the strength, too, of *A Matter of Honor*. *TV Guide* charged, and Kowet charges again, that CBS never tested on its witnesses the conspiracy premise that it set out to prove; that it rehearsed its paid consultant, Sam Adams, prior to his on-screen interviews and allowed another friendly CIA witness to screen segments of other interviews; that it distorted some interviews to strengthen the case and ignored some potential testimony.

(It is odd to read from its co-author that the *TV Guide* article “documented those allegations,” as though he had been called in by the *Columbia Journalism Review* to put a stamp of approval on his own work. And speaking of the *Review*’s choice of contributors, as an employee of *The New York Times*, permit me to note, without comment, that Kowet has criticized the *Times* in the book and in subsequent statements for being soft on the television show in general and on its chief interviewer, Mike Wallace, in particular.)

Wallace’s special role in the documentary is sharply defined by Mr.

Kowet. The star of *60 Minutes*, who was brought into the project largely because of his power to attract audiences, was, in Wallace’s own phrase, “a hired hand.” He knew little about the facts beyond what Crile told him, but that did not stop him from grilling General Westmoreland with the ferociousness toward malefactors for which he is famous. Kowet writes of that interview: “Wallace was not a journalist; he was not on a quest for fresh information. He was both prosecuting attorney and judge.” Kowet calls it “vigilante journalism.”

As may be suggested by that phrase, Kowet is not an elegant stylist. He has a weakness for local color but no skill at handling the brush, and so the stuff drips sloppily into his story. Here, for example, is his “study in contrasts” between Crile and Ira Klein: “Crile, an ex-Marine, carried himself with the slouching, tweedy air of an Ivy League academic; Klein had the supple ease of an accomplished ex-athlete. Crile was a bona fide WASP, his father the renowned surgeon. Klein, from a middle-class neighborhood in Queens, had never really known his father, who had left the family before Ira was a teenager. Crile spent his evenings at sleek upper-west-side-of-Manhattan dinner parties. Klein could be found in lower-Manhattan pubs. The only thing they had in common was an uncommon verbal fluency.” This is pop magazine gibberish.

In his reach for imagery, Kowet has

a way of getting himself into a tangle. After a labored effort to contrast Cravath, Swaine & Moore, the classy Wall Street law firm that is defending CBS in the Westmoreland case, with the general's attorney, Dan Burt, of the Capital Legal Foundation, he sums up: "Burt was the strutting, posturing warlord over a band of legal guerrillas; Cravath was the Royal Horse Guard, its attorneys handpicked from the most prestigious law schools. It was David versus Goliath. . . ." David a warlord? Goliath a product of a prestigious law school?

The network executives with degrees of responsibility for overseeing the documentary seem to have been generally conscientious men. Their main problem, aside from executive-suite politics, was that in television the producer is in charge. Only he has full knowledge of the material available, and how that material is used or not used is within his discretion. No matter how many executives nominally watch over him, once they give him his go-ahead, they have no choice but to trust him. Moreover, a TV show is an expensive matter; as production proceeds, the cost of making changes becomes ever higher and executives do not look kindly on late changes that may bust the budget.

In the case of George Crile, it may be that the trust was misplaced. Kowet offers a telling vignette about the Wallace-Westmoreland interview. Wallace was supposed to be reading from a letter that an officer in Vietnam had written to his wife, but a comment written by Sam Adams or by Crile himself had somehow slipped into the quote from the letter at one point. According to Kowet (evidently relying on Klein), Crile wanted to avoid cutting the line out of the text. He suggested instead that the film editor insert a "cutaway" shot of the general as Wallace was reading the misquote: "The camera would focus on Wallace reading from the Meacham letter. Then, at the moment of the misquote, Klein would edit in the Westmoreland shot; the camera would be showing Westmoreland when Mike uttered the misquotation. No one would be able to tell that Wallace was still reading from the letter; instead of removing the inaccuracy from

the film, Crile intended to simply introduce a device to distract the viewer."

This sort of reporting is illuminating, insofar as it can be trusted. Unfortunately, Kowet invites skepticism by describing in detail and without attribution meetings at which he was not present and by putting into the mouth of his main source, Ira Klein, improbable lines that the author was not present to hear. He writes: "Klein swiveled on his editing stool and stared at Crile. 'There is no way,' he said, 'that I am going to participate in cosmetically altering the appearance of this film. If you want that done,' Klein added, 'you'll have to find somebody else.' " The declaration loses a certain force a few paragraphs down, when Klein, after all that swiveling and staring, agrees to do the job because a vice-president has okayed it.

In a similar episode, Klein is credited with objecting to Crile's decision to eliminate General Westmoreland's explanation of why he was suspicious of high estimates of enemy troops. "Let the viewer decide between right and wrong," Klein is supposed to have lectured Crile — before editing out the language that Crile did not want.

Kowet's efforts to turn Klein into the hero of the show become a running joke. It is particularly difficult to believe that the film editor, a middling figure in the project, would lecture his boss, who has just been given an okay by the network brass: "You have to understand how controversial this film is going to be and the impact it's going to have. It's going to have to stand on its own, and if it can't, you're the one who will have to defend it." We are clearly hearing Klein on Klein.

This kind of thing is symptomatic of a journalistic ailment to which both Crile and Kowet have succumbed. Snug in the self-righteousness of their causes and bent on turning out a stirring piece of work, both permitted themselves liberties in polishing up their own cases, even as they darkened those of their adversaries. In this game, one gives oneself the benefit of all the doubts, a concession no journalist can afford. Kowet won't get into as much trouble as Crile, but his book suffers. Maybe he's been watching too much television.

A touch of Mencken

Straight Stuff The Reporters, the White House, and the Truth

by James Deakin
William Morrow and Company. 378 pp.
\$17.95

by WILLIAM BOOT

Straight Stuff should be read by people like my uncle in Woodinville, Washington, who believes that the U.S. press is some kind of left-wing conspiracy; by his neighbor, who thinks it is a capitalist cabal; by earnest college sophomores who think it is a noble adversary of officialdom; and by officials across America who think it is making the nation ungovernable. James Deakin puts the lie to all these notions in what is perhaps the funniest book ever written on the American press.

Unfortunately, a run on the book in Middle America is improbable: it is

William Boot is a contributing editor of the Review.



long, and it rambles; at one point Deakin directs his Mencken-like wit against the *Reader's Digest*, which is unlikely to condense it for wider dissemination. Accessibility is further hampered because Deakin, a twenty-five-year veteran of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch's* White House beat, is a bit too heavy with journalistic "war stories," a bit too generous with praise for worthy colleagues, twenty-six of whom are canonized in a single paragraph. (Mr. and Mrs. America go zzzz.) The \$17.95 price tag is also a big inhibitor, although I can already list twenty-six people who are likely to overcome it.

The book is actually worth the price (assuming you're not on food stamps). It is a fount of common sense about the Washington news process. Deakin is fed up with those who blame the press for everything from failed presidential campaigns to failed foreign policies — accusations which, he says, in effect castigate the postman for the size of the monthly bills: "Presumably the mail carrier blames his mail carrier. The beat goes on."

Deakin is not out to deny that the press

and television networks have influence; he just wants to keep things in perspective. Take, for instance, the famous 1980 Roger Mudd interview, light on fluff but heavy on Chappaquiddick, oft-blamed (or credited) with destroying Teddy Kennedy's presidential bid before it could get off the ground. "The clarifying question," Deakin writes, "is: Who drove off the bridge?" That it was not Roger Mudd who was behind the wheel shows once again how journalists must take a back seat to the movers and shakers who actually create events.

Journalists can, of course, magnify the significance of events, as in the Iranian hostage situation, where the TV networks' drumbeat of crisis is often credited (or blamed) for having destroyed the Carter presidency. But as Deakin points out, "the agenda-setting . . . took place in this order: the ayatollah first, the president second, and the media third."

Deakin gets off some of his most mordant remarks in discussing press foibles and life in the baggage train of the imperial presidency:

□ On superficiality as journalism's cardinal sin: "When it is realized that issues are interwoven, that problems are all tangled together, that a thing in the present was caused by other things in the past and will cause other things in the future — then explanation begins. Understanding begins. *Comprehension* begins. . . . The human condition is reported sketchily, by fits and starts but with unflagging attention to Brooke Shields."

□ On celebrity journalists: During a presidential trip, reporters amused themselves by composing headlines that might appear if the plane crashed. Deakin's contribution: BARBARA WALTERS, OTHERS PERISH.

□ On tedium: "The milling-around area is any area where reporters are confined while they wait to be told something. When newsmen [arrive] where an important event is to take place, a senior correspondent sometimes demands to be taken immediately to the milling-around area. That is what is going to happen anyway, so it saves time. There is nothing worse than milling around waiting to be taken to the milling-around area."



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BOOKS

The book is also replete with barbed anecdotes about our imperial presidents, Democratic and Republican. On the unrehearsed Reagan, a specter before whom White House p.r. managers must cringe by night, Deakin writes: "[Reagan] said 'fascism was really the basis for the New Deal.' He said the Soviet Union, under Communism, was about to collapse. He said the Russian people were 'on a starvation diet of sawdust.' He said tactical nuclear weapons could be used in Europe without bringing on a general nuclear war. He said three-month fetuses had been born and had lived and grown up to be 'normal human beings.' . . . He said it was a surprise to find out that the nations of Latin America were 'all individual countries.' . . . He said [invoking the Bible]: 'and Samson slew the Philippines.' "

Significantly, however, the scope of such follies went largely unremarked by the press corps during the first two years of Reagan's tenure, a fact that points up a major weakness of Deakin's book: it exaggerates the improvements in White House press coverage over the last three decades.

Deakin begins his chronicle of press progress in the 1950s, when he was fresh on the scene and the White House lied only a little (relatively speaking). It briefly covered up Dwight Eisenhower's 1955 heart attack. It sought to obscure Ike's 1957 stroke with a press release so long on medical jargon and so short on explanation that the reporters were unsure whether the president had suffered a second coronary or a brain disorder. This raised "the age-old question: head or heart?" which the United Press ignored in an urgent report stating that Ike had suffered "a heart attack of the brain."

That was only the beginning, for the fifties were the era of "journalistic objectivity." If the White House said a feeble, groggy, convalescing Ike was making key decisions, then skeptical reporters had to say so too — and they did. As Deakin puts it: "Objectivity meant that major governmental news consisted largely of what the government said it was."

Deakin maintains that Eisenhower-era objectivity has succumbed to the shock

of government malfeasance. He says that a more mature, professional attitude toward reporting emerged in the press corps as the imperial presidency and its p.r. machine grew and as short-term lies about heart attacks gave way to chronic prevarication about military interventions, Watergate break-ins, and the like.

In short, as the government got worse, the reporters got better. Now, Deakin says, it is accepted in the White House pressroom that news organizations must be more than the government's bulletin board, must report conflicting versions of events, lest darkness descend and it become "the night the old integrity went down."

Looked at in this way, 1981-1982 — the seemingly endless press honeymoon of the Great Communicator — was simply one long night; there will be a morning after. And dawn may indeed have arrived in the press room (witness recent coverage of White House aide Edwin Meese's financial affairs).

But *Straight Stuff* borders on rashness in underemphasizing what went on during that very long night, when the press corps served largely as an uncritical conduit for the Reagan administration's line (See "Gunsmoke and Sleeping Dogs," *CJR*, May/June 1983). Eisenhower-era objectivity stirred and walked before returning to its coffin. Was this not, in Deakin's own terms, a glaring lapse in press professionalism? And, regarding Eisenhower-era objectivity, haven't we good reason for asking periodically (to paraphrase the old *Saturday Night Live* refrain about Generalissimo Francisco Franco), "Is it still dead?"



Government by leak

The excerpt below is taken from *Caveat*, the recently published memoirs of former Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig, Jr. (Macmillan, 367 pp. \$17.95).

by ALEXANDER M. HAIG, JR.

"Remarks are not literature," Gertrude Stein is supposed to have said to the young Ernest Hemingway. Leaks to the press ought not to be read as policy, but they often are. Lately, there has been some justification for the practice.

All presidents, all politicians (and not only politicians), hope to make use of the press. All arrive in Washington determined not to be unduly influenced by the press, and all fail to some degree. It is easy enough to remember, when one is greeting the voters in Indiana, that most Americans do not read *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* or watch the evening news on ABC, CBS, and NBC — or, for that matter, necessarily believe everything they read or watch or hear. This memory tends to become submerged once the campaign is won and the candidate, as officeholder, takes up residence in Washington. Then the capital, with its curious mixture of high ideals and hard work and base ambition and blind vanity, becomes the universe: if I am so famous that the *Post* is writing about me, then, of course, the whole world is reading it.

Politicians live (and, as we know, sometimes die) by the press. The press lives by politicians. This symbiotic relationship is at the center of our national life. The relationship has always existed. Probably it came into being at about the same time as human speech, which permitted the first gossip to repeat the (suitably edited) sayings of the chief of the clan to the people in the next cave. It existed in America, an especially nourishing environment for all types of communication, before the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson wrote some of the same things that I shall write about the press — for example, the prime truth about it, which is that for all its follies it is indispensable to the preservation of liberty in this country.

The press is still, as it was in Jeffer-

son's time, a powerful check upon the government, but the government has no tangible power over it. (The government has, of course, certain intangible powers, but we will come to that subject later.) The press is a peculiar, disembodied, melancholy creature driven by strange hungers, never happy with its triumphs, wanting always to be loved, and incessantly suspecting that it is not. In this, of course, it closely resembles the politician.

There the resemblance ends. The politician and his appointed assistants have an obligation to be responsible. The press has none. It prints what it is given. If some important national secret is betrayed in the pages of a great newspaper, as has often happened, it is nonsense to protest that the editors and reporters have no patriotism, no decency, that this is treason. The charges may be correct, but you have arraigned the wrong defendants. The failure of patriotism, the betrayal of decency, the treachery are real enough. But these are the trespasses of the public official who, having been trusted with the secret, could not keep it.

Why not? This is a question I have wrestled with over three decades of life in Washington. When, as a young major, I was by a lucky chance brought into contact with some of President Kennedy's closest advisers, I learned how quickly secrets that clearly were vital to the security of the United States found their way into the newspapers — and how angry this made the president and his aides. The phenomenon astounded me. At West Point, we had been taught that military secrets were as sacred as the lives of our men because soldiers died when secrets came into the possession of the enemy. Evidently civilians are not bound by such simplistic formulas, because in the Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter administrations, the leaks were at least as great a problem.

In the Reagan administration, they were not merely a problem, they were a way of life, and in the end I concluded that they were a way of governing. Leaks constituted policy; they were the authentic voice of the government. It is not surprising that this should have been so.

The president's closest aides were essentially public relations men. They were consummate professionals — *wizards* is not too strong a word. In my view they were the most skillful handlers of the press since the New Deal. They had just completed a campaign — not simply a drive for the nomination and the election, but a campaign that went back beyond the governor's mansion in Sacramento, California. Now their long dream of power had become reality.

This is the classic dilemma of the campaign staff. How to translate rhetoric into policy? How to transform a political image into a historical personality? How to metamorphose the staff's suspicion of outsiders into an atmosphere of consultation and collaboration with a lot of strangers on whom the president must depend if he is to succeed? How to share credit, and even the affection of the president, with newcomers? These are not easy questions.

Reagan's staff decided to find their answers in the place they knew best — the press. For years, they had been communicating with their chief's friends and enemies through the press, rewarding the one and punishing the other. They had often communicated with each other in the same way. It seemed natural to them, now that they were in the White House, to communicate thus with other officials and agencies of the U.S. government, and even with foreign governments. From Inauguration Day, and perhaps even before, they communicated with me in this fashion.

At first, I did not realize that the *Times* and the *Post* and the networks and the newsmagazines had let themselves be converted into White House bulletin boards. When, for example, I would deliver a sensitive memorandum, for the president's eyes only, in the early afternoon, and then hear line-by-line quotations from it on the evening news, I would react with surprise and call up the White House to express my shock. How naive I must have seemed.

The men in the White House were not naive. They were grappling with a difficult problem, the most difficult faced by men trying to establish the authority of a new president since the election of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Neither

FDR in 1932, when Republicans controlled the press, nor Ronald Reagan in 1980, when liberal Democrats were the rule among journalists, had very many friends and sympathizers in the established press. How, in the face of a reflexive ideological hostility — not to say bigotry — toward Reagan and all that he stood for, were his men to get fair, even favorable coverage of his administration? They were determined to get it, and to a truly admirable degree, they succeeded. How did they do it?

First, they had a bit of luck. As Reagan came to office, the press was nervous about itself. It had played a major role in bringing down three presidents in a row — two of them Democrats even if they were Southerners, let it be remembered. Even within the press, some thought (though few violated tribal taboos far enough to say so outright) that there had been excesses. I may argue that the press has no obligation to be responsible, but the press doesn't necessarily agree. It has its standards and its degrees of respectability. Its practitioners are human; naturally, they want to belong to the company of honorable men. Besides, there is an ultimate control on the press and a very effective one: if its readers do not believe it and do not trust it or if they think it lacks a standard of fair play, they will stop heeding it and it will die. Therefore, the press was inclined to cool its ardor for a time, even to go so far as to show that it could be fair to a president whose policies much of it despised.

Second, the White House wizards understood the great intangible power that the government holds over the press. I have said that the press is disembodied; I meant that it has no life of its own, it lives on the acts of others. Action, to the press, is information; it is not interested in the parentheses of policy, forethought, and consequence. Information is power; manifestly, the press cannot live without information. It has no information of its own; it follows, then, that it must rely on others to manufacture the stuff.

The government is the great smithy of information. Appreciating this, Reagan's men exercised their intangible power. They opened the doors to the

workshop and escorted reporters inside in a way hitherto unknown in Washington. They literally told them everything. For the first time in living memory, you could actually believe almost everything you read. For the press, always the outsider, always operating on suspicion and guesswork and animosity, it was a dream come true. It had never had sources like this. And, of course, it could not risk losing these sources by offending them, so it wrote what it was given.

Throwing stones

The passage below is taken from The Glass House: Politics and Morality in the Nation's Capital, by Paul Simon, Democratic congressman from Illinois (Continuum, 150 pp., \$14.95). Before entering public office, Mr. Simon was editor and publisher of the Troy Tribune and owner of a number of small weeklies in southern Illinois.

by PAUL SIMON

As a former newsman now serving in Congress, let me suggest what I sense are some basic weaknesses of congressional coverage:

Trivial items often get more attention than matters of substance.

A few days ago I walked from my office to the Capitol and saw a large gathering of television cameras and reporters. I assumed that I must have missed an item about a major head of state coming to Washington. I asked a reporter whom they expected. He responded, "[Representative] Jim Wright lost a bet to [Representative] Walter Fauntroy on the Dallas-Washington game, and Wright will be pushing Fauntroy in a wheelbarrow and then have a brief press conference about it." I watched it on network television that night.

During my service in the state legislature Senator Paul Douglas called one day and asked me to introduce a resolution in the Illinois General Assembly urging the U.S. Congress to make the corn tassel the national flower. He would then introduce the measure in the Senate. Because of my great admiration for him I immediately said yes. But as I reflected on it I thought more and more that I really did not want to do that, an insub-

stantial type of thing with which I felt uncomfortable. That night I called the senator and asked, "Are you sure you want me to introduce a resolution on the corn tassel? Are you sure you want to introduce a resolution in the Senate?" The former-professor-turned-senator laughed and responded with a lecture that taught me something about politics and journalism. It went something like this: "Paul, if you want to stay in public office you have to get media attention. The substantial things you do generally will not get attention unless they are involved in a major controversy. But the media love trivia. You have to do a certain amount of that to stay alive politically. No one will get angry with you because you want to make the corn tassel the national flower. And don't worry; it will never pass."

Congressional travel is one of the most poorly covered subjects.

Of course where there is abuse of public travel it should be covered and denounced, but most congressional foreign travel is not abused. I have yet to see a news article or editorial criticizing any member of Congress for *not* traveling, yet that is by far the greater abuse. I have had dozens of colleagues tell me that they would like to travel to understand some area of the world better but that they fear doing it because of the coverage and editorial criticism they will receive. There is absolutely no fear of criticism for not traveling, for as far as I know that criticism has never occurred. I have seen campaign literature which points out that in twelve years in Congress, a certain member has never been outside the United States. Are there no editorial writers anywhere who fear a Congress made up of people like that?

Political commentators lack a sense of perspective.

Perhaps it is simply that the years have gilded the memory of reading Walter Lippmann, but I want to read the thoughts of those who have some sense of history and what life is all about, who have not simply raced from a press conference and, still panting, deliver more details than I received from the wire-service story on the same event. In an

age of television, with its sense of the immediacy of everything, perspective is needed even more than at the height of Lippmann's influence. I yearn for the column that seems to come from someone with a cabin in the woods, who has read Plato this morning as well as the morning newspapers, who stands in awe both of humanity's ability to destroy itself and of the trees which surround him or her, whose vision and understanding go beyond the nearest traffic light. I am not very precisely defining what I seek because I cannot create it; I only know that I miss it.

Editorials are too flabby.

When it comes to weak-kneed editorials, television and radio are the worst. I heard one the other day urging citizens to keep the streets clean, followed by the announcement: "Anyone with an opposing viewpoint may contact. . . ." Editorials should make clear where the journal or station stands, but if there is an unwillingness to tackle the tough issues, forget the editorials. Newspaper editorials that call for a specific committee to do something ought to list the committee members in the editorial. Then there should be a follow-up editorial listing how the members voted, commending those who voted "correctly" and criticizing those who voted incorrectly. Yet that seldom happens. There rarely is editorial "follow-through."

I read Stephen Rosenfeld's once-a-week column in *The Washington Post* more carefully than the editorials in the same newspaper, even though I know he is also one of the editorial writers, because I have some sense of who is writing his column, where he is coming from. I cannot identify with an amorphous blob called "we" in an editorial. In the days of Horace Greeley, Charles Dana, James Gordon Bennett, and Joseph Pulitzer, editorial pages flamed with indignation or praise. Sometimes they lacked balance. But readers knew who was speaking. I want balance but I also want to know who is writing and I want some righteous indignation, and writing that is so clear that a fifth-grader can understand the aim, or even a member of Congress. ■

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BRIEFINGS

by GLORIA COOPER



Solomons in the newsroom

Drawing the Line, edited by Frank McCulloch, American Society of Newspaper Editors Foundation, 98 pp., 1984

Never mind those hypothetical case studies so dear to the hearts of media philosophers: here is the real thing — the candid reflections of thirty-one editors on their own judgment calls when wrestling with such decisions as whether to go with a story, withhold a fact, print a photograph, fire a reporter, promote a cause, flout a law, or with any of the countless other dilemmas that turn editors' hair gray. Their essays are brief and to the point, each an unsentimental review of a newsroom morality play in which the final resolution may have brought the smiles of angels — or, then again, maybe not.

Scott McGehee of *The Detroit Free Press*, for instance, describes his post-publication misgivings about a devastating profile of a tennis mother that had taken unfair advantage of a private citizen's inexperience in dealing with the press, and says that he is still haunted by the memory of the pain in the woman's voice when she phoned the paper to say that her marriage, her relationship with her son, and her life had been ruined. Robert H. Phelps, formerly of *The Boston Globe*, tells of his disturbing realization, in 1976, that he had made a serious ethical mistake in allowing publication of an article that contained an unsubstantiated rumor about the sex life of Pat and Richard Nixon. Donald W. Gormley of the *Spokane Spokesman-Review* recalls his later doubts about having given such

prominent play to a damaging picture of an attractive young defense attorney charged with driving while intoxicated shortly after her client had been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Interestingly, the editors have few regrets about the stuff they *didn't* print — the withholding of the family name in *Rochester Times-Union* stories about the birth, and death, of Siamese twins, for example, or the deletion by a Scripps-Howard editor from his paper's daily municipal court record of two cases of incest involving young girls whom the paper's readers might have easily identified. Typical in this category is Arnold Rosenfeld of the *Dayton Daily News*, who recalls his professional and personal conflict when the parent of a teenaged dwarf demanded that he kill a completed (and, in Rosenfeld's view, an inspirational) Lifestyle spread about a special class for youngsters with severe deformities (a story for which the school, and the student herself, had given permission); while it was not a great day for journalism when he decided to strike all references to the student from the photos and text, Rosenfeld says cheerfully, he still feels good about it.

But however the editors themselves may feel in retrospect about the wisdom of their choices, there is the added weight of worry over how their motives will be perceived by others, both inside the newsroom and out. When a politically explosive remark by the son of a prominent official was cut from his interview with the *Los Angeles Times* by editor William F. Thomas, might not the young man's father (not to mention the reporter, department editor, and bureau chief) have concluded that the deletion was less the result of judicious editing than of the influence that the official had tried to exert? When an *Anchorage Daily News* story about a criminal investigation of the son of a local banker and civic leader was held off for days while editor Kay Fanning waited for an indictment, did the impatient staff (and Fanning herself) wonder if she was as concerned with the paper's credibility as with the paper's debt to the banker for its very survival?

No matter: these men and women can clearly stand the heat of the editorial kitchen. More important, it seems to be a heat that

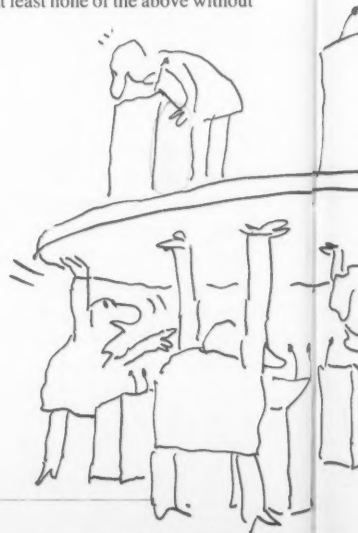
toughens while it tempers with compassion, integrity, and warmth. Now if only the press could figure out a way of leaking that news to the public . . .

Rhetorical questions

Beyond Debate, by Joel L. Swerdlow, The Twentieth Century Fund, 1984. 89 pp. \$6.00

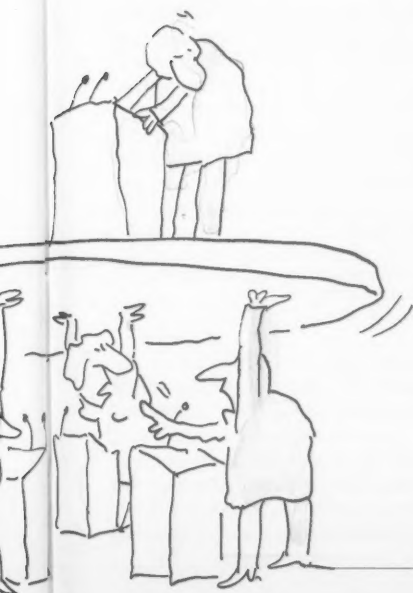
With the quadrennial debate debate already at hand, this lucid little study comes not a moment too soon. Drawing on the bumpy history of presidential face-offs from Lincoln and Douglas to Reagan, Carter, and Anderson (including those that never got off the ground), the author explores the major issues raised by the prospect of similar confrontations in 1984 and beyond. Swerdlow, a journalist who holds a doctorate in American politics and has traveled with every presidential campaign since 1968, maintains a firm grip on political and journalistic reality, as well as on social science research, as he considers one by one, and from a number of perspectives, such points of contention as the value of the debates, their institutionalization in the political process, varieties of format, attention to third-party candidates, and possible systems of sponsorship.

It is his analysis of the last of these that will no doubt be of most immediate use — and of most immediate controversy as well. For as he details the advantages and drawbacks of putting control of the debates into the hands of various organizations — Congress, the political parties, the television networks, press clubs, newspapers, nonpartisan citizen groups, a federal debate commission — Swerdlow plays no favorites. Indeed, it is clear that the ideal choice is none of the above — or at least none of the above without



some considerable fixing of some fundamental flaws. The League of Women Voters, for example (which in 1976 and 1980 met the specifications of a previous Twentieth Century Fund task force study suggesting that the debate be sponsored by a nonpartisan group devoted to citizen education), today presents a mixed record on getting candidate cooperation, a possible institutional bias toward non-major-party candidates, a declining membership (and therefore declining funding and clout), and a heavy visible investment in the debates that puts the League at the mercy of the candidates' demands. The networks, on the other hand, while justly claiming sufficient technical expertise and financial resources, as well as the power to prevail over the candidates on matters of timing, frequency, and format, present a different set of liabilities: a potential conflict of interest in dealing with future presidents who will be in a position to make vital decisions that affect the networks; the temptation to approach the debates in much the same way that they approach other programming (with all that that implies); and the difficulties in covering objectively — and critically — their own performance. Nonjudgmental to the last, Swerdlow goes only so far as to suggest adoption of a separation-of-powers principle whereby whoever has power to broadcast the debates would not be allowed to stage them.

There is nothing equivocal, however, about his conclusion that our chronic debates about debates must be resolved, and quickly, before undesirable, even possibly dangerous, traditions take hold. With the help of this excellent study, that debate, at least, will be significantly more informed.



C.J. Niculae Asciu

C.J. Niculae Asciu



Contaminated news

Environmental Reporters: Prisoners of Gullibility, by Jim Sibbison, *The Washington Monthly*, March 1984

If the job of the EPA is to protect the environment, whose job is it to protect the EPA? Certainly not the news media's, although over the years they have given a pretty good imitation of doing just that, judging from this journalistic impact statement filed by a one-time reporter for The Associated Press who knows whereof he writes. As a committed member of the agency's press-office team during the eleven-year period that spanned the regimes of Ruckelshaus and Burford, Sibbison experienced firsthand the early satisfaction of seeing his handouts hyping air and water hazards picked up as news ("I came to feel that we press officers were the real journalists and the reporters were the publicists"), as well as the later frustration at having such words as "cancer," "sterility," and "birth defects" stricken from his news-release drafts by bosses who wanted the agency to take a cooler approach — a frustration compounded by the press's failure to seek that story out. Which is to say that Sibbison's case against the news media rests as much on his professional triumphs as on his professional despair.

For example, while the news media cooperated wonderfully in those pre-Reagan years in pushing the agency's worthy goals (e.g., a "Poisoning of America" cover piece in *Time*, a "No More Love Canals" editorial in *The New York Times*), few stories went beyond the truths being stressed by the EPA to explore other, equally urgent truths about the failure of the agency to enforce its rules. Later, when the glory days were over and

EPA staffers, alarmed at efforts to undermine the agency, were forced to resort to leaks, reporters, for the most part, yawned; indeed, one scientist's tip on the EDB story was dismissed by *The Washington Post* as infighting at the agency, where the bombshell lay undisturbed by any of the news media for three more years. (An outstanding exception, Sibbison notes, was Knight-Ridder's Frank Greve, whose close attention to the EPA during the Carter-Reagan transition yielded such otherwise unreported stories as the demoralization of agency personnel and the role of industry lobbyists in the appointment of Anne Burford as the agency's head.)

Now, with the rout of the rascals and Ruckelshaus's return, have the news media changed their ways? Sadly, no, concludes Sibbison, whose own informal inquiries about what the EPA is currently doing about the quality of water and air revealed a discouraging lack of accomplished goals — and a lack of goals still to be accomplished that is more discouraging yet. The story of the agency's performance, the author observes, seems to get lost in the press promotions of the good-guy image of the new director, in the friendly brown-bag lunches that have come to replace the more formal press conferences (and at which tougher questions are less apt to be asked), and in the press's reluctance to probe beyond the agency's official releases by talking to people in middle levels of day-to-day management and to environmentalists, businessmen, and engineers in the field. But clearly, so long as the inertia of the EPA is so well matched by the inertia of the reporters who are supposed to be covering it, it is not a story that is likely to be told. ■

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

What killed the council

TO THE REVIEW:

CJR readers who know a little something about the work of the National News Council will be dumbfounded by your editorial marking the council's demise ("The News Council — What Did It In?" CJR, May/June).

True, the council was a less than perfect mechanism and, like CJR, it made mistakes. What I find disturbing about your treatment of the matter is its exclusive focus on the council's shortcomings. There is not a word of criticism for the great newspapers and broadcasting networks that smothered its proceedings in silence. A strange omission, for CJR of all publications.

The council shared with CJR a belief that now seems forlorn: the belief that by opening a channel through which public complaints of inaccurate or unfair reporting could be collected and investigated it would contribute to higher standards and, over time, also increase public confidence in American journalism. Remarkably few captains of the news industry saw it that way.

They knew the council had no power to punish or compel. Its only sanction was exposure. As we have sadly learned, even that hypothetical power comes to naught when major newspapers, magazines, and networks treat the council's existence and its findings as a dirty little secret.

ELIE ABEL
Harry and Norman Chandler professor
of communications
Stanford University
Stanford, Calif.

Elie Abel, a member of the National News Council from 1979 to 1984, was its vice-chairman for the last two of those years.

Reader strikes back!

TO THE REVIEW:

Re: Larry Green's article on Rupert Murdoch's purchase of the Chicago *Sun-Times* ("Murdoch Hits Chicago! City Strikes Back!" CJR, May/June):

1. While the original *Chicago Sun* founded by Marshall Field III in 1941 was indeed a liberal newspaper, its successor, the *Sun-Times*, has not been liberal since Milburn (Pete) Akers was named editor in 1959.

2. Because of the enthusiasm of associate editor Lois Wille and syndicated columnist Georgie Ann Geyer for the PLO, Chicago's Jewish community has hardly been in love with the *Sun-Times*. Mike Royko's anti-Semitic *Sun-Times* columns drew many protests from Jewish leaders.

3. Murdoch saved the *Sun-Times* from being scrapped by its bored owners. I think he paid far more than the plant is worth, but that's his problem.

The new competition between the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Sun-Times* will be good for the newspapers and their readers. The *Sun-Times* is now carrying more news stories than ever. The *Tribune* has broadened its coverage and increased its street sales force.

Murdoch can only improve a newspaper that was tottering on its last legs financially and journalistically. If his promotions can create more newspaper readers, what's wrong with that?

ARNIE MATANKY
Editor and publisher
Near North News
Chicago, Ill.

Polling the press-haters

TO THE REVIEW:

The piece by Lou Harris in your March/April issue ("Does the Public Really Hate the Press?") may have told the truth but not the whole truth. Even the results of his own poll prove this.

Harris took the media to task for their concern over public reaction to the initial barring of the press from Grenada. He stated that "most of the media establishment proved to be sadly out of touch in assuming that the public condoned the press ban in Grenada. Those running American journalism must learn far better just what the state of public opinion really is."

Harris attempted to justify his position by furnishing results from his own poll two months after the Grenada invasion. He stated that a decisive majority (65 percent to 32 percent) was convinced that "a small group of reporters should have been allowed to accompany the troops when they invaded Grenada in order to report it to the American people."

An even larger majority (83 percent to 13 percent) agreed with the view that "in a free

country such as the United States, a basic freedom is the right to know about important events, especially where the lives of American fighting men are involved." So Harris reported.

But, mysteriously, Harris failed to provide the full wording of that question. He left off the important phrase which ended the question: "... as long as the national security is not violated."

What Harris also did not reveal in his *Review* piece were the results of another question he asked in the same poll. The question was: "If the president and the military feel that the press and TV should not be allowed to cover an invasion, such as the Grenada, then their right to make that decision should not be questioned." Agree, 54 percent; disagree, 41 percent.

Maybe for Harris it was a case of not wanting a good story ruined by the facts. But it was his own facts he was leaving out of the piece — facts that gray his black-and-white conclusions.

Not to knock a man when his pants are down, but one more question should be mentioned that was asked in that Harris poll. The answers tend to dispute Harris's claim that relatively few people wanted to keep the press out of Grenada. More than four in ten (43 percent) agreed with the statement that "[t]he press and TV news pry too much into too many things as it is, so it was good to put them in their place by keeping them out of Grenada."

As journalists, we may not like to hear what the public thinks. But we should know the whole truth. We don't want to be panicked. But neither do we want to be lulled by half-truths.

TAIT TRUSSELL
Chairman
Advisory Committee on Public Opinion
Society of Professional Journalists,
Sigma Delta Chi
Washington, D.C.

Louis Harris replies: *After taking obvious delight in trying to expose my own purported selective omissions from my piece for the Columbia Journalism Review, alas, poor Mr. Trussell has done precisely what he accuses me of in his letter. Note that he says, "Not to knock a man when his pants are down. . . . more than four in ten (43 percent)*

agreed with the statement that "[t]he press and TV news pry too much," etc. What Mr. Trussell failed to report was that a majority of 52 percent of the public rejected this claim.

To answer his charges directly, Mr. Trussell obtained the full wording of the Harris Survey from my newspaper column of December 26, 1983, which, in accord with our professional standards and requirements, not only reported the full text of each question asked, but also the exact wording and results for every question asked. The piece for the Review was written tightly to space dictated by the editors. I saw no need to include the phrase "as long as the national security is not violated" since it only spells out a precondition for taking journalists along on any secret invasion in wartime, and thus, in my judgment, had no significant effect on how people responded to the question. The 54-41 percent majority who feel the president and the military have the right to ban the press also does not bother me, since there might be circumstances under which the press might be barred (i.e., an atomic test where reporter health might be in jeopardy, etc.). Of course, the key question in the survey, which asked people to favor or oppose the barring of the press — a question asked after people were exposed to the arguments pro and con — came out 65 percent in opposition to the ban versus 32 percent in favor. Nothing gray about that result.

Ombudinski

TO THE REVIEW:

In "What Do Ombudsmen Do?" (CJR, May/June), Cassandra Tate describes my work this way: "not one of the ten columns sampled dealt with a specifically local issue. . . ."

That kind of sampling would drive the survey business back to the days of Harry S. Truman and Thomas E. Dewey. After nearly eight years of Sunday columns plus memos to the staff on most work days, cityside has been called up a fair share of times — too often, I hear some reporters say.

JOHN CALDWELL
Reader editor
The Cincinnati Enquirer
Cincinnati, Ohio

TO THE REVIEW:

On the subject of ombudsmen, there are a few crucial questions that readers and supporters should ask.

First, just who is this person who is making sweeping pronouncements about journalistic rights and wrongs? The answer in most cases is that the ombudsman is a mid-level editor

plucked from the newsroom. As the veteran of the editorial department, he brings to his new job the battle scars, allegiances, and animosities that are acquired during the normal daily skirmishes that are a part of producing a newspaper. Sure, he'll try to keep his biases from his new job, but he is ill-equipped for his Solomon-like task and his viewpoint is likely to be skewed on some issues.

The second question is, "If this person has such a firm grasp on what's good and bad in the paper, why isn't he in a position to do something about correcting the mistakes before they happen?" The answer to that, sadly, is, "Those who can, do. Those who can't, become ombudsmen."

TERRY JACKSON
Assistant metropolitan editor
The Sacramento Bee
Sacramento, Calif.

News views

TO THE REVIEW:

Gloria Cooper's review of our comparative study of business coverage by the networks and Cable News Network (Briefings, CJR, May/June) has its virtues and its vices. Where she has stuck to the facts, she is on firm ground; where she ventures into opinion, she founders. As it happens, we did not sus-

pect that CNN's newspeople were more conservative than those of the networks. On the contrary, we assumed that their ideological profiles would be very similar, given the fact that the CNN people themselves come from broadcast operations.

As for why we used the Lichter/Rothman material, the reason is simply that all three broadcast networks turned down our request to survey their employees; only CNN obliged us.


As for what motivated us to undertake these "comparative maneuverings in the first place," we undertook this study because we had become convinced that the new technologies (and particularly cable) offered in theory the solution to many of our complaints about television coverage of economics, and we were interested in knowing if, in practice, CNN was living up to this potential.

PATRICK D. MAINES
President
The Media Institute
Washington, D.C.

The Jacksonville jinx

TO THE REVIEW:

I am appalled by the tone of your article about the Jacksonville papers ("Is Jacksonville



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BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: CJR, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

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UNFINISHED BUSINESS

Jinxed?" CJR, March/April). I joined the staff of the *Florida Times-Union* in 1976, shortly after J. J. Daniel became publisher, and worked in a number of positions before joining the *Detroit Free Press* well before the sale of the papers was announced. So I have no ax to grind with Morris.

Apparently you do. There are several factual errors in the piece. Bob Clark did many good things for the paper, but he did not introduce color or an ethics code. The silly notion that the paper didn't print train-wreck stories had been exploded many times before the arrival of Darrell Mack. The first CJR article hurt the papers' reputations badly, but it certainly was never hung over the coffee pot, as your authors report.

But factual inaccuracies aside, the tone of the article seems to me to be vicious. I do not believe that most of the people who left those papers did so because they were disaffected. They were offered good positions with other papers because they had done excellent work in Jacksonville. It ought to be a source of pride to the Jacksonville papers that they have so many alumni at other fine newspapers.

The Morris organization may have made some serious missteps in its takeover in Jacksonville but, as far as I can tell, it also did a number of sensible things. The Morris organization ought to be given the benefit of the doubt. It seems to be winning the trust of the staff. I hear from people I trust there that they are getting support to do good work. The charge of boosterism is overblown; plenty of newspapers are discovering these days that they got too far away from their communities. And what they're doing to correct that might well be called boosterism by an unsympathetic observer.

RIPLEY HOTCH
Editor
Detroit Magazine
Detroit, Mich.

Mitchell Shields replies: *Former Times-Union reporter Pat Yack stands by his statement that the story "Boosters in the Newsroom" was pinned up next to the Times-Union coffee pot. How long it was there he doesn't know. Perhaps Mr. Hotch missed it. As to the ethics code and the use of color in the Journal: there may have been some form of ethics code, and some use of color, prior to Bob Clark's arrival at the Jacksonville paper. However, it is generally agreed that two of Clark's major accomplishments were "a super ethics code," to quote former T-U managing editor Darrell Mack, and "making the Journal jazzier and more colorful," to quote former Journal managing editor David Butler.*

TO THE REVIEW:

I have been an employee of the *Augusta Herald*, owned by William S. "Billy" Morris III, for more than five years. I was surprised when I read the smear of the Morris newspapers in the March/April *Review*.

I was even more surprised that the editors didn't throw the article back at the authors. Unidentified sources abound: "one television newsman recalls," "colleagues who had worked at Morris papers in Augusta and Savannah," "one journalism professor," "one seasoned investigative reporter" — just to name a few.

DEBORAH L. JACKSON
City editor
Augusta Herald
Augusta, GA.

The editors reply: *We left out some names — those of the "one television newsman" whose recollection was recounted in the lead, and of the "one journalism professor" whose low opinion of the Jacksonville dailies had been quoted in another publication — because attribution did not seem essential. It is a decision on which reasonable editors may reasonably disagree. We allowed some Morris employees to speak without attribution for obvious reasons and were pleased that at least one employee agreed to go on the record although his comments could be construed as unflattering to management.*

One man's plunge

TO THE REVIEW:

In "The Campaign Trail: Notes of a British Reporter" (CJR, May/June), author Robert Chesshyre writes of "plunging 9,000 feet in 15 minutes" in a small executive aircraft.

That works out to 600 feet per minute. That's hardly "plunging"; it's an average rate of descent for an unpressurized aircraft. Passenger jets normally descend at 2,500-3,500 feet per minute. "Plunging" would apply to an emergency descent of perhaps 20,000 feet per minute.

Was there a typo in the story, or is Chesshyre a white-knuckle flier?

HUGH WHITTINGTON
Editor
Canadian Aviation
Toronto

Getting there

TO THE REVIEW:

Thank you for Terri Schultz-Brooks's interesting article, "Getting There: Women in the Newsroom" (CJR, March/April).

Take it back two decades (from 1968) to

the New York office of United Press when an editor said to me, "Liz, you can write the night lead UN until Jim Roper comes down from Washington." And: "Liz, we want to reorganize the night cable desk, but Tommy Cluck won't sit at the same desk with a woman."

I was a pioneer, one of the handful to whom much is owed, and, finally, I could not take it any more. The discrimination was corrosive.

In my old age I've changed all that. I bought a newspaper. Even that wasn't easy. It may be small, but it's mine. My name is on the masthead. I'm the boss.

ELIZABETH POSTON MCHARRY
Editor, publisher
The Ferndale Enterprise
Ferndale, Calif.

For the record

TO THE REVIEW:

We wish to bring to your attention an error in "Barron's Bad Boy" (CJR, January/February). The piece states that *Business Week* "printed a retraction" of a 1975 article and goes on to discuss whether a retraction was enough.

For your information, *Business Week* did not print any retraction of its April 28, 1975, article regarding James E. Corr, Barron's, and Alan Abelson. Rather, *Business Week* stood by its story and Dow Jones and Abelson voluntarily discontinued the libel suit in June 1976. At that time, Dow Jones and McGraw-Hill (the publisher of *Business Week*) issued a mutual press release. This is far from a retraction and we would appreciate your correcting the record accordingly.

BARBARA ANN COOK
Assistant general counsel
McGraw-Hill, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

The editors reply: CJR's use of the word "retraction" mischaracterized a delicate compromise. What the joint press release stated was that "... McGraw-Hill has no reason to believe that Dow Jones, Barron's or Abelson has ever acted unethically or illegally with financial or other information in their possession, and said it is unfortunate if anyone obtained the wrong impression from the *Business Week* article."

Deadline

The editors welcome letters from readers. To be considered for publication in the September/October issue, letters should be received by July 20. Letters are subject to editing for clarity and space.

ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL: A TALE OF TWO MARTINIS.



Concerning affairs of state, these two great statesmen were

frequently of a single mind.

But in the mixing of martinis, there was a parting of the ways.

FDR enjoyed his martini in the then-traditional manner: two parts gin to one part vermouth. Sir Winston, his friend and ally, acknowledged the traditional role of vermouth merely by glancing at the vermouth bottle as he poured the gin.

History would appear to be on Churchill's side. Which is not surprising. After all, who knows more about gin than the English?

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The Lower case

Child molesters indicted



*Scandal
closes
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U.S. Press 4/4/84

There could be a million cases of the killer disease AIDS, Acquired Immoral Deficiency Syndrome, worldwide by the end of the century, and known cases in Britain have risen dramatically since the beginning of this year, a senior health executive said yesterday (Our Science Correspondent writes).

The Times (London) 5/4/84

P.A. pricks hope for barbed fence

San Jose Mercury News 5/2/84

Blind Woman Gets New Kidney From Dad She Hasn't Seen In Years

The Alabama Journal 4/4/84

45 days for Meese

WASHINGTON (AP) — White House Counselor Edwin Meese III has been given a 45-day extension of the deadline for disclosing his 1983 finances.

Hammond, Ind. Times 5/16/84

5:00pm - CAPITOL REPORT - Host Assemblywoman Maureen Ogden and her guest Nobel Laureate, a research scientist at Bell Labs discuss his research.

Essex (N.J.) Journal 4/5/84

Mom ponders approach to sexually active son

The Champaign-Urbana News-Gazette 5/8/84

Religion Plays Major Part In the Message of Easter

Omaha World Herald 4/22/84

Belfast man charged for Harrods bomb

Chicago Tribune 3/23/84

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